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Sir Laurence Olivier, senior statesman of stage and screen *(see interview, page 31)*

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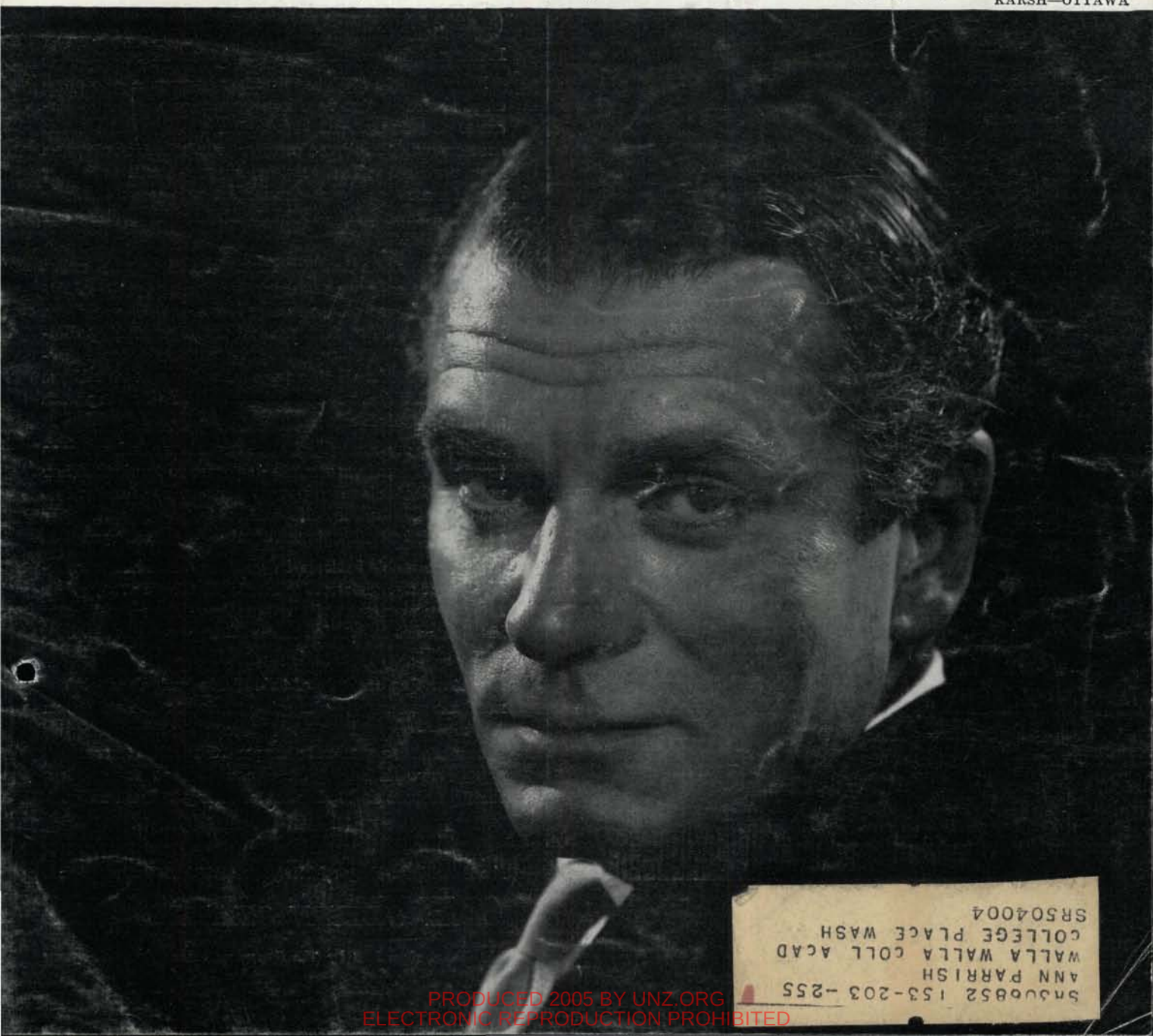

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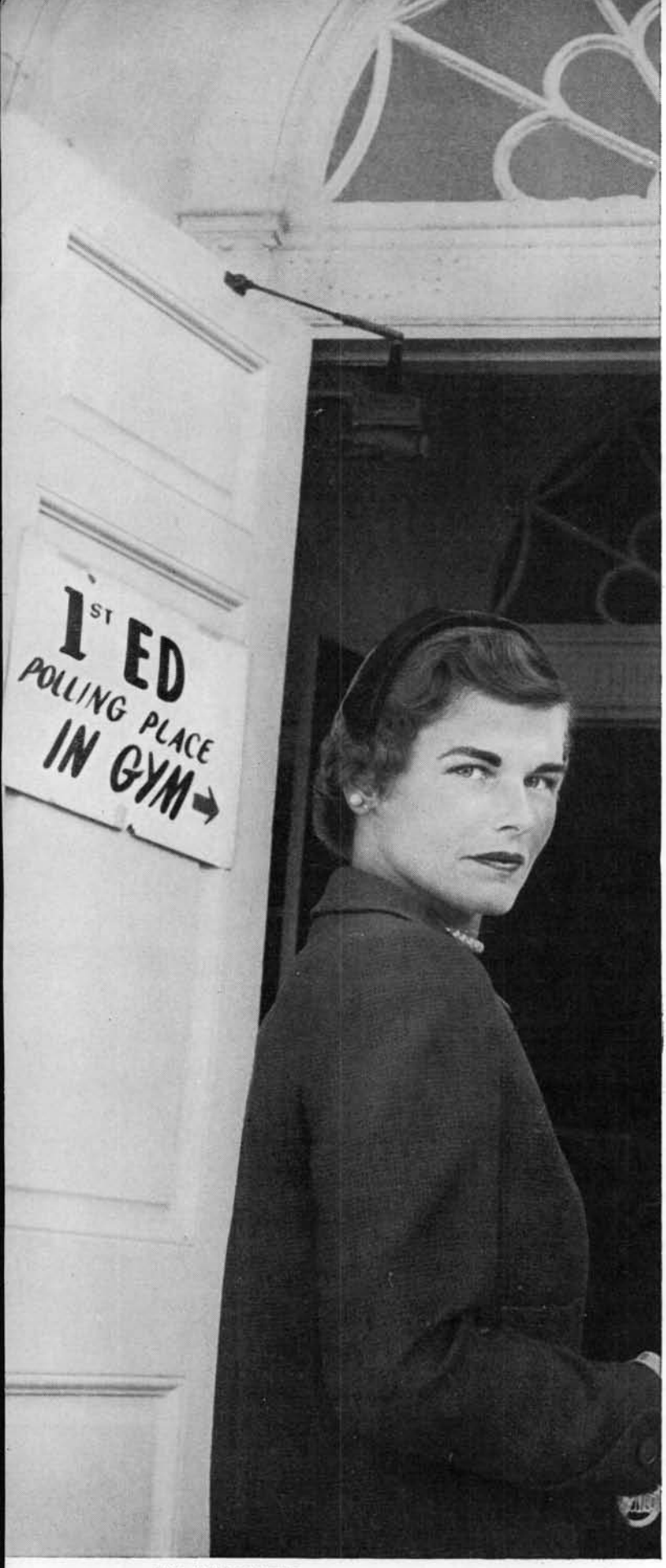

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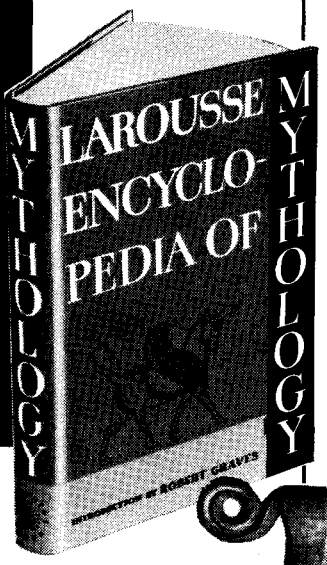

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

RANGING THE TARGET

—With the Kennedy Campaign.

THERE are always two audiences to the ordeal of a man seeking the Presidency as he journeys over this vast land.

There is, first, the national audience, reached through the two score or more newsmen, broadcasters, analysts who doggedly trail in his wake to feed the great opinion-making press and networks with their distillation of his speeches, film clips of his action, sound-snatches of his voice. Not for days or weeks can the exhausted candidate learn what posture or image he has established in the mood or emotions of this national audience, which votes him, ultimately, to power.

Then there is the personal audience that gathers in the flesh, in shirt sleeves and house dresses, to listen to the candidate as he pauses in his travels. This is so small, statistically, as to be almost beneath measurement—yet its importance is almost as great as that of the national audience. For it is the personal audience that gives the candidate the response of warmth or frost, of applause or indifference. And since the candidate, whoever he is, sits at the center of a web of affairs so complex as to be dehumanized, the human response of the personal audience shapes him and his campaign almost as profoundly as all the statistical and strategic planning of his staff. The laughter of the personal audience, its scowl, its silence, its cheering are the only clues in the mystic communication between the leader and the led that tell, truly, whether he has reached those he seeks to lead.

Becoming President is an utterly personal business; the candidate must feel the beat of the people he hopes to lead; their heart is his target; and by their immediate response, whether they be a thousand at a whistle stop or ten thousand in an auditorium, he knows whether he has ranged the target or failed.

• • •

Slowly, over the first week of his campaign, with the heart-squeezing beauties of this beautiful land in harvest season flicking by, John F. Kennedy has been ranging his target—and, in ranging it, giving shape to his campaign.

Each minute of his time since the close of Congress has been counted like a bead; no leisure now lets anyone explore his inner thinking. Nor is there any reflection of this inner thinking in the carefully prepared speeches and programs, mimeographed and handed to the press with meticulous efficiency in advance—speeches and programs for the most part never uttered or spoken, to the exasperation of press and staff writers alike. One can only observe the groping process of Kennedy's thinking by listening to him before his personal audiences and noting the change that the days and the response make in his "all-purpose speech," the daily litany repeated three, five, sometimes ten times a day before ever-fresh audiences on the trail.

There are homely changes, like his first mention of the baby. Out of whatever sense of delicacy, Kennedy was silent about his wife's pregnancy for the first few days of his campaign. Then, in the warm sun, at noon, before the colorful new courthouse of the little town of Eugene, Oregon, he was suddenly impelled to offer a courteous excuse for his wife's absence because "she was otherwise committed." A friendly ripple of laughter followed. The next morning in northern California, he had changed it to "my wife has other responsibilities," and a warmer laugh followed. By afternoon, his excuse for his wife's absence had become a forthright "my wife is going to have a baby." By Friday, in the San Joaquin Valley, it had become, as he excused her absence, "my wife is going to have a boy in November." It had become a certified gag, and that evening in Los Angeles, it became a press conference question which ended a passage of tense and delicate questioning on religion. "How do you know it's going to be a boy?" asked the questioner. "My wife told me," said Kennedy. The audience laughed again, and the conference had departed from the somber area of religion.

The response of the personal audience shapes something far more important, however, than a certified exit line. It establishes in the candi-

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date's mind what Americans want to hear; and so, slowly, the much-despised "all-purpose speech" reflects, as it changes, his own reading of the people's mood and their stirrings.

The Kennedy all-purpose speech at the beginning of his campaign was a collection of loosely jointed themes and anecdotes, some fresh, some left over from the primaries, a jumble of issues with no cohesion ("the importance of the Presidency" . . . "the world cannot exist half-slave, half-free" . . . "only the President can lead" . . . "farming is our number one domestic problem" . . . "automation can be a blessing or a curse" . . . "we must move" . . . "I ask your help").

Gradually, as applause told him where he hit, as questions from the audience voiced their concerns, the speech took shape and unity. One could sense gradually, as the candidate sensed, that the strength of the Kennedy campaign lay with his party's posture on domestic affairs, and that its vulnerability lay in the vast area of foreign affairs. (His aides report that 90 per cent of all questions are "issue" questions—foreign affairs overwhelmingly first, medical aid to the aged next, aid to education third.)

Through the first week of campaigning, applause and indifference shaped the speech to a pattern. A call to sacrifice and a warning of the perils ahead now usually comes first (always to sharp applause); then Kennedy draws the profile of the two great parties as he sees them, basing himself on Democratic bedrock strength ("We believe this is a great country—but it can be greater; this is a great state—but it can be greater. Republicans believe things are as good as they can be"). From this base he goes then to the transition: that an America moving forward at home, creating an impact of domestic dynamics as it did under Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman, sets up a dynamic which causes the rest of the world to look to us for leadership; and then comes the transit to war and peace, to survival in a world of enormous destructive capacity—the greatest question of all (loud applause)—and termination with America must move again; I ask your help."

The all-purpose speech, sometimes given in three minutes, sometimes in ten, is now a drone in the ears of reporters who have heard it for weeks. But given with growing passion, it reflects in the candidate a growing sense of his own authority, a sense of sureness, and most of all his own picture of the nature of his campaign. Extemporizing in Los Angeles, at the end of the California swing, Kennedy could suddenly peel off such a passage as this: "Mr. Nixon and I, and the Republican and Democratic parties, are not suddenly frozen in ice or collected in amber since the two conventions. We are like two rivers that flow back through history, and you can judge the force, the power, and the direction of the rivers by studying where they rose and where they ran throughout their long course." This is not only eloquence; this is a change in a man's perception of his role; this is the inner dynamic of campaigning.

• • •

Here, in the moving combat headquarters of the Kennedy campaign, with the candidate, the early mood is one of determination, optimism, confidence. The basic problems that must be met and which, at this writing, are still unsolved are, first, the approach to the bitterly divisive religious question and, next, a substantive position on foreign affairs. But the response of the personal audiences on the tour has been so warm, so good, that these grim problems are seen as manageable—difficult but not impossible.

Not all in the Kennedy camp agree. The deputies to the roving headquarters from staff headquarters in Washington grumble that Kennedy, in addressing himself to the personal audience, is missing with the national

audience. His voice and purpose, they say, as carried by the networks in the big industrial centers of the East, sound rushed, hasty, often shrill. They insist that the national image given is one of an impatient man—and the mood of the country is not so much impatience as perplexity.

In his first ten days of campaigning (from Washington to Maine to Alaska to Michigan to Idaho to Washington to Oregon to California) Kennedy has covered some 16,000 miles and seen, perhaps, a quarter of a million people. At this furious pace, he will have been exposed to about 2,000,000 out of the 180,000,000 Americans by election day. Only then will we know whether his reading of the mood of the 2,000,000 reflects the true concern of the 180,000,000.

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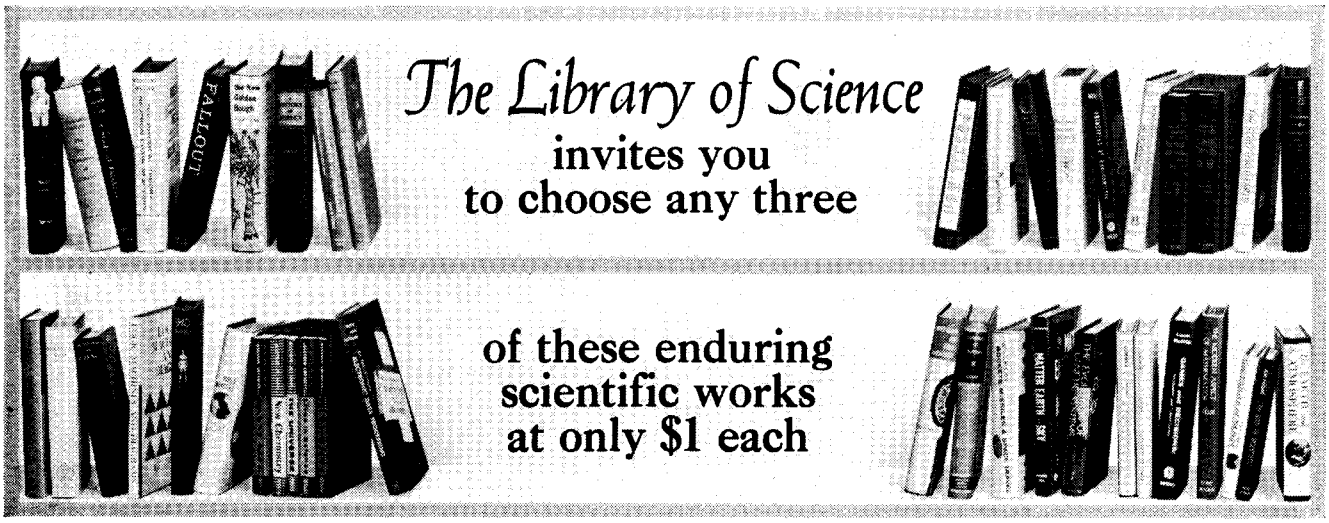

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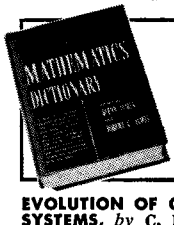

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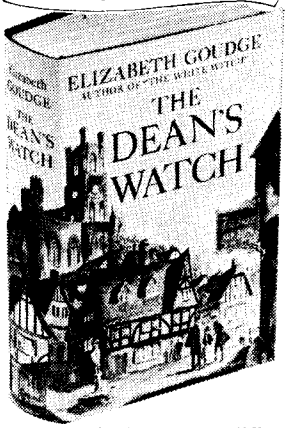

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TRADE Winds

A TITLE has been suggested for Harry Golden's next book: "Enough Already!"

JOHN CIARDI isn't the only author who reviews his own books. In the *West Virginia Hillbilly*, Roger Price signs a review of his just-published "J. G., The Upright Ape" (Lyle Stuart). His recommendation is that everyone buy and read it, for "it is a funny book." Price is the most famous, if not the only, writer to come from West Virginia. That's why he was asked to write about his own work.

The *Hillbilly* isn't as corny as this particular stunt makes it appear. It's a rather sophisticated mountain publication, emerging weekly from Richmond, that needles as well as informs. It contains such information as the fact that General Robert E. Lee's famous horse was named Jeff Davis when it was bought. Lee was piqued at the President of the Confederacy, so he changed the horse's name to Traveler. The *Hillbilly* also informs us that the town of Mullens, West Virginia, was named after its founder, A. J. Mullins. (Both spellings are correct.) And that the past president of the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Clubs spells her name Mary KathArine Barnes. (That spelling is correct, too!)

Another fellow who reviewed his own book is Caskie Stinnett. He did it as a gag for the Associated Press a few months ago when his "Out of the Red" was published by Random House. He said it was a good, funny book. (These humorists always agree that their stuff is amusing.) Among the comments he made was that there was a touch of quaintness in the love story, because nothing happened between the boy and the girl until after they were married. As a matter of fact, the book is so clean that an advance reader said:

"Stinnett will stoop to anything to get attention."

A RATHER ONE-SIDED political contribution comes from Charles Degen. He offers a jingle, to be sung by the Republican candidate:

Our President is good and nice;
I'm sure that I'm his only Vice.

I GUESS I have to eat crow. A couple of months ago Stuart Harris of Harper's asks me to help find Marcus L. McHeater. It's in connection with the publication of "No High Ground," by Knebel and Bailey, the story of the decision to drop the first atom bomb. The authors have discovered that there is supposed to be a flier named McHeater who, captured by the Japanese after Hiroshima, tells them—to stall off his execution—that he knows where the next bomb will fall. It saves his life, because in a few days Japan surrenders. Maybe McHeater even scares them into it. Who knows?

The anecdote doesn't appear in the book because no one can ever find McHeater to verify it. They go through the Pentagon IBM machines from McAdam to MacZysky, but never turn up anything to go on. I'm no dummy, but when Harris comes to me with one of these brainstorms of his, I use it in TRADE WINDS (after all I got all that space to fill). But do I believe any such screwball yarn? Of course not.

All right, get out the crow. There is such a guy. My friend from Phoenix, Arizona—Joe Stocker—knows all about

it. In fact, free-lance writer Joe got in touch with this flier a couple of years ago because he wanted to do a story about him. That didn't work out, for various reasons, but the fellow does exist. He and his wife own a hotel and a summer camp and some other enterprises in Florida. The reason the IBM machines don't pop his card out into the waiting hands of Knebel and Bailey is that the man's name is McDilda. Yeah. Marcus L. McDilda, and they call him Jack for short.

ON READING in last week's TRADE WINDS that Senator John F. Kennedy has written the Collier's Encyclopedia article on Lucius Lamar, it occurred to me that in this age of sometimes confused values, the encyclopedia editors are doing their bit. It seems that the public relations people of Collier's have boasted that Senator Kennedy is "one of the nation's top authorities" on Lamar, a U. S. Senator from Mississippi from 1876 to 1885 and, in his later years, Secretary of the Interior and a member of the Supreme Court.

A press release tells all about Ken-

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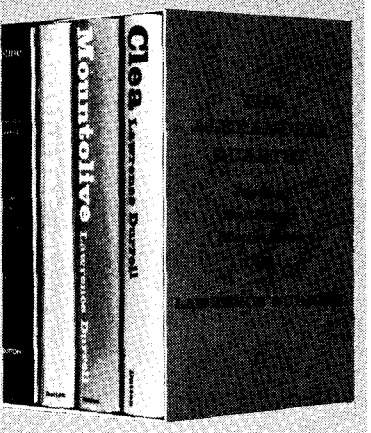

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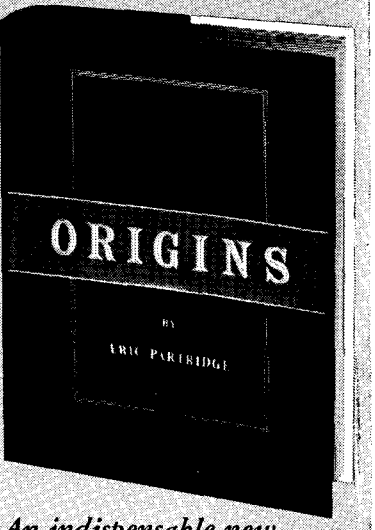

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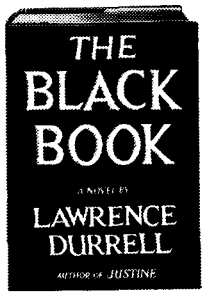

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nedy, nothing about Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, nor his uncle, Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, the second president of the Republic of Texas. Both of these fellows led more interesting lives than Senator Kennedy has—so far—and that's why they are in encyclopedias. Let's hope editors will not spend too much time getting big names to write their stories, nor emphasizing it when they do.

THE PEOPLE at Collier's, incidentally, have a long way to go to catch up with my edition of the Britannica, as far as authors are concerned. For example, the article on Americanism was done by H. L. Mencken, Lawn Tennis by Tunis and Tilden, New York State by Al Smith, Humor and Alberta by Stephen Leacock, O. Henry by Christopher Morley, Conscientious Objector by Norman Thomas.

And the Britannica Socialism article was written by Bernard Shaw, Boxing by Gene Tunney, Bankruptcy by Justice Douglas, Monroe Doctrine by Charles Evans Hughes, Henry James by Van Wyck Brooks, Mass Production by Henry Ford, Evolution by Julian Huxley, and the Boy Scouts by Lt. Gen. Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, GCMG, GCVO, KCB, etc. (also an Eagle Scout).

As a matter of fact, the Britannica found some Senators who can write, too. One is from up Kennedy's way. Name's Leverett Saltonstall. He wrote on the subject on which he is one of the nation's top authorities: Massachusetts.

LET'S ALL HELP OUT the Brewer's Association of America. At its big convention this summer in Santa Fe it was resolved to go ahead with the project where slogans would be printed on beer cans. The slogans will discourage guzzlers from tossing the empty cans into the highways, parks, drive-in theatres, and every place else where we find them.

So far, I haven't heard whether any slogans have been okayed. I've tried to think of some myself, and maybe we should all pitch in and give the brewers some ideas. Some people might be moved by stern warnings, such as: "Any person or persons throwing, depositing, or otherwise being responsible for the illegal discarding of this container is or are subject to arrest for a misdemeanor, and fines up to $50 for each offense."

But after a few beers it's hard to read language like that, so a better idea might be to wheedle and cajole, with a page swiped from the Smoky the Bear book. Lots of television spots and posters, with a beer can wearing

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a hat and singing, "I'm Chunky the Can, and I want you to know, I'm very unhappy, when me you throw."
Any other ideas?

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Ellen Coxe believes the person who removed "1984" from the shelves of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company Library would benefit by her son's review of the book. For his eighth-grade English class he commented on the Orwell novel: "Some people might read this book for the sex alone, but that is not the point of the story."

► Harley Rudkin has a title for a new medical self-help book: "Suture Self."

► Harriet Prophet saw this sign posted near a body of water in Ipswich, Massachusetts: POND CLOSED. FISHING BY APPOINTMENT ONLY.

► Gore Vidal, running for Congress, said, "I'd rather be President than write."

► Something is going to happen that never happened before. To plug "Harpo Speaks," by Harpo Marx with Rowland Barber, which Geis will publish, Harpo is going on brother Groucho's television show and he *is* going to speak!

► This summer Edward C. Nelson saw many station wagon loads of attractive young mothers with their numerous broods of tots crowd the popular beaches of Long Island. Obviously, he says, the large family is now a fashionable status symbol, an example of what Veblen called "conspicuous production."

► Herb Shriner has patented (with Hollywood writer Elroy Schwartz) a combination harmonica and water pistol. It's called the "harmonigun."

► When a friend crumpled the fender of his sports car, Ira Levin comforted him by pointing out philosophically, "Well, that's the way the Mercedes-Benz."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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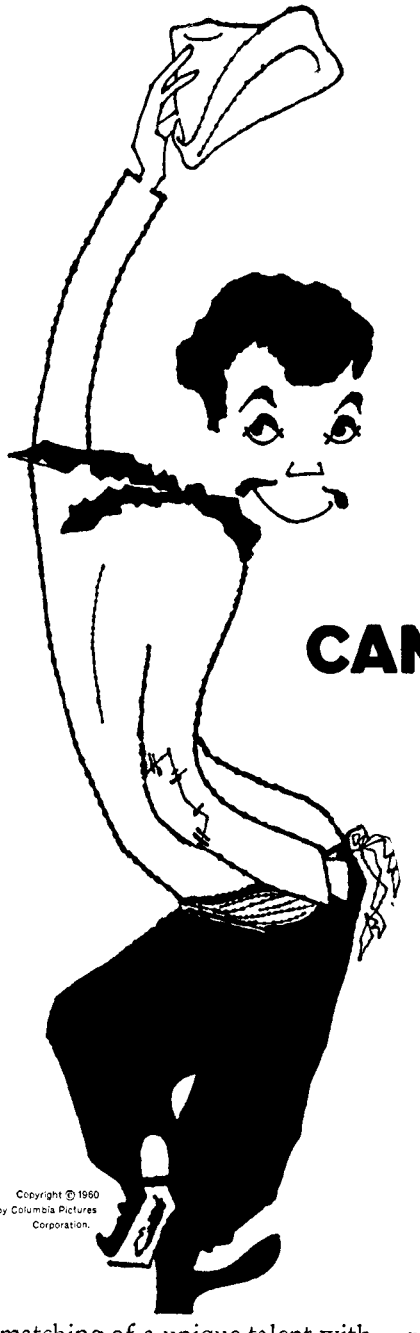

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 1, 1960

MUST WRITERS BE CHARACTERS?

By HARVEY SWADOS, *literary critic and novelist. Mr. Swados, who is serving this year as visiting professor at San Francisco State College, is the author of "False Coin" and a forthcoming volume of stories, "Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn."*

PRACTICALLY all judgments of recent American fiction seem to take as their implicit (and often explicit) bench mark the 1920s. Our postwar novelists are measured against the postwar novelists of the earlier era and found wanting, sometimes because supposedly there are not as many interesting novelists practising today as there were a quarter of a century ago, sometimes because not one of our current novelists has managed to achieve the supposed universality gained by the giants of the preceding generation.

When we inquire who it was that achieved this universality we are usually referred to our Nobel Prize-winners, or more specifically to our male Nobel Prize-winners, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. Sometimes a third is added—the gifted and doomed Scott Fitzgerald. These are the ones who are considered to have outlasted Cabell, Hergesheimer, Lewis, Buck, yes, and Caldwell, Steinbeck, and O'Hara too.

I think it could be demonstrated, however, that only one of this trio became, at the crest of his career, not simply internationally renowned, but the incarnation of the European conception of the American as artist. This was Ernest Hemingway, and while it can probably be said that he is still so regarded abroad, it must also be observed that in recent years his reputation has undergone a severe decline in his own country. And so, as the representative of universality, we are left with William Faulkner, whose Nobel Prize address is regularly quoted by those who are now so proud of him as an award-winning American but who—we may be permitted to suspect—seldom take the trouble to read the actual novels, and were hardly to be found among his fans during those years when Faulkner was writing his best books and not selling them to any but a handful of admirers.

Obviously, extraliterary factors have entered into these evaluations, as they have all too obviously in the case of Scott Fitzgerald, who has become in a way the modern equivalent of the velvet-jacketed, tubercular attic-artist of nineteenth-century Bohemia. For the sake of clarity let me add that I am not attempting to belittle the product of these men (since my teens Fitzgerald has been one of my personal literary heroes, and I do not see how it can reasonably be denied that Faulkner is our greatest living writer), but rather to insist that nowadays it is all too often not the novel that counts, but the novelist.

WE are suffering from what might be called the cult of personality in American letters. No doubt it will immediately be objected that this is mere obfuscation, confusing the popular acclaim of middlebrow spokesmen (who, as Louella Parsons serves the movie-going public, serve their public with news of Hemingway's chest measurements and William Faulkner's alcoholic propensities) with the serious appraisals of established literary critics. Let us anticipate this objection by examining some of the current enthusiasms of our literary critics, and contrasting them with some of the omissions.

If there are any two American writers of the current generation who have been more written about in recent years than any others, they are surely J. D. Salinger and Norman Mailer. It seems to me not at all irrelevant that the first of these has so sedulously avoided publicity that he has aroused the liveliest curiosity about himself, and that the second has frankly and unremittingly sought to gain what the metaphysicians of advertising would define as maximum exposure to his reader-potential.

SALINGER, the Greta Garbo of American letters, is now in his early forties and is the author of one novel, "The Catcher in the Rye," a book of short stories, and a number of as yet uncollected stories, mostly dealing with the travails of the Glass family. That is all we are supposed to know, and it should be enough. Unquestionably he is a clever and knowledgeable writer who concerns himself with a somewhat restricted segment of American society, and who has a first-rate ear for the mannerisms of American speech, particularly those peculiar to the young. Once this has been said, we find ourselves shifting, so to speak, from one foot to the other. And yet such has been the outpouring of articles, essays, and speculations on J. D. Salinger that the Salinger bibliography might lead one unfamiliar with his work to think that it consisted, not of one bittersweet novel and some short stories, but of an *oeuvre* comparable to William Faulkner's twenty-odd books.

What is more, this outpouring has come not so much from the middlebrows as it has from the groves of academe and from those not accustomed to trifling with merely popular writers. Can there be a college literary magazine in the land which has not had

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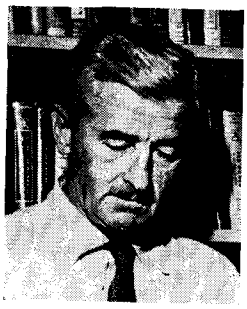
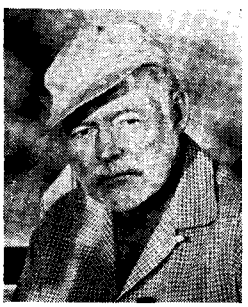
"Extraliterary factors have entered into the evaluations."

J. D. Salinger

Norman Mailer


William Faulkner


Ernest Hemingway

its Salinger piece? By now it has become as obligatory as the Pound exegesis or the James explication. Why?

For one thing, these critics seem much impressed with Salinger's increasing popularity abroad as a spokesman—he begins to approach the universal acceptance of Hemingway, which in itself is awesome. Yet we have not been subjected so far to a spate of studies of Dashiell Hammett simply because he is much admired in France, or of Jack London simply because he is adored in Russia. We may reasonably suspect, therefore, that other considerations are involved. In addition to the fact of his popularity abroad, these critics are apparently much moved by Salinger's manifest and continuing appeal to youth and by the evidence in his work that he is attempting to compose a Christian parable.

Both these factors, the touching appeal of his work to the young and his painfully self-conscious effort to be Deep, are of course closely interrelated. But those of us who can, if we are honest, recall all too easily our adolescent infatuation with Thomas Wolfe (because he seemed to be speaking directly to us, and speaking too of the really profound things in life) must, I am afraid, be reduced in our maturity to stammering embarrassment for the author and for his apologists when we are asked in all seriousness to consider Salinger, like Wolfe, as a profoundly reflective philosophical novelist. No, it seems more likely that there exists in the minds of those who make such claims a connection between Salinger's supposed profundity and his tantalizing physical inaccessibility. The legend of mysterious private suffering cohabiting with a singularly Christian literary morality is self-generating and self-perpetuating; it is also conducive to excited appraisals of a writer's importance based finally on what must be regarded as extraliterary considerations.

NORMAN Mailer, on the other hand, has been so unabashed about exposing his private problems, both literary and psychological, and so adept at gaining attention for this exposure, that we need not dwell on the details of his biography further than to note that he is some years Salinger's junior, and that he is the author of three novels, some briefer pieces, and the recent omnium-gatherum, "Advertisements for Myself." It is this last that has given Mailer his breakthrough from the realm of the ordinary book-buyers to that of the highbrow critics.

For months now it has been virtually impossible to pick up a magazine—*The Reporter, The Nation, Commentary, Partisan Review,* on and on through the spectrum—without coming upon an assessment of Norman Mailer. We have had Norman Mailer on Mailer, Norman Podhoretz on Mailer, Alfred Kazin on Mailer, Irving Howe on Mailer, F. W. Dupee on Mailer, Leslie Fiedler on Mailer, Gore Vidal on Mailer, Richard Schickel on Mailer, Robert Gorham Davis on Mailer, Granville Hicks on Mailer, and, certainly not least, Seymour Krim on Mailer in that organ of itinerant poets, the *Evergreen Review.* The last named is noteworthy in that it is in the nature of a reassurance to Mailer that, though he may be neglected or misread by the squares, he is cherished by those who dig him the most.

This is a strange kind of neglect. Reeling under this flood of assessments (and there are of course many more than those itemized), one would think that Mailer had come forth, at the very least, with a big new novel. What he has come forth with instead is an assertion that he will one day come forth with a big new novel, and an extended apology for the delay.

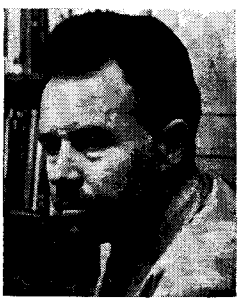
I do not mean to belittle Mailer. If any contemporary novelist has the audacity, the courage, the inventiveness, and the bite to do something really

"We have a responsibility to plead for a better future."

Vance Bourjaily

Grace Paley

Thomas Berger


Wright Morris

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new, it is Norman Mailer, whom I have read with respect ever since he first appeared in print. But, while this has also been acknowledged by a number of his many critics, one gains the impression that this is not why they are impelled to write about him. It is rather that they are stunned by his nerve. Uninspired by his novels—none of which, it seems to be generally conceded, has been successful on its own terms, nor as a wholly realized work of art—they are overwhelmed by his personality, and they are driven through a series of logical gyrations to vote for him as the most likely successor to Ernest Hemingway—which is precisely what Mailer, by his own confession, has been dying to be told.

IN the course of these odd intellectual exercises, some strange things get said. Several of the critics have been so taken with Mailer's intensity and honesty in arguing for himself that they are persuaded that there must be more to his novels than first met the eye, as though they cannot decide for themselves, without the author's help, just what they do think—not of him or his intentions, but of his lonely, naked, published work. Others, impressed (as anyone must be) by Mailer's candor, are driven to recall that earlier searing confession, "The Crackup," in which Scott Fitzgerald laid bare his inmost agonies and the bitter frustration of his aspirations. A strange analogy! One would think that "The Crackup" had been written by the clever young man who had turned out two glib novels, "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beautiful and the Damned," and a collection of bright and catchy short stories, rather than the mature and exhausted artist who had gone beyond that early work to complete his greatest novels. Surely it will be time enough for such comparisons when Mailer has given us his "Gatsby" and his "Tender Is the Night."

Norman Podhoretz, in his eagerness to have his say too, has even been driven to *post hoc* justification of Mailer's naïveté in becoming associated first with the Henry Wallace Presidential campaign and then with a peculiarly doctrinaire variant of Marxism. This belated infatuation with causes long since cast aside by other intellectuals, explains Podhoretz, is proof of Norman Mailer's refusal to be guided by the experience of others and of his insistence on finding things out for himself—as though this argument could not be adduced to excuse, not mere eccentricity, but any kind of extreme antisocial behavior on the part of a literary figure. Apparently anything will do, even if it is manifestly unfair to Mailer and to what he himself thinks of himself, in this haste to create a new myth and to enshrine a new personality in the pantheon of synthetic American literary giants.

This massive concentration on a handful of writers (for reasons all too often nonliterary), coupled with a massive exclusion of most other writers from consideration, can result in a ludicrously distorted picture of the American literary situation. Recently a leading editor observed at a literary symposium that the past decade's fiction had been "dominated by adolescents." Presumably what he meant was that the beats had made the most noise and had therefore drowned out such writers as Baldwin, Bellow, Malamud, Ellison, Bourjaily, Morris, and other serious novelists who had come to maturity during the Fifties. But who did "dominate" the fiction of the decade? If it was the beats, as the editor implied, and not the really serious creative people, then we may be justified in asserting that the editors and critics are, as Norman Mailer has shrewdly observed of American audiences in general, "incapable of confronting a book unless it is successful."

Before adducing the names of some writers whose books have been neglected, as I have instanced the names of some who have been written of so widely, it should be emphasized that I am not directing my primary objection toward the amount of attention that J. D. Salinger and Norman Mailer have been receiving. I have in fact learned a good deal from some of these articles—as indeed I would hope that Salinger and Mailer have themselves. What I *am* objecting to is the imbalance on the part of the magazines that have printed them and the critics who have written them. Some of these magazines have protested that they lack space to include a regular examination of all current fiction—although they seem always to have space for the current sensation—and some of their editors and some of these critics have been heard to murmur that there is nothing much worth while coming out anyway in serious fiction, perhaps because we are in a period (how critics love to generalize about periods!) that is simply not grateful to the creation of important novels. In consequence they do not trouble to acquaint the reading public with what is going on.

I offer as evidence two books that were published in the last two seasons. One was a novel, the other a book of stories. The novel was "Crazy in Berlin," by Thomas Berger; the story collection was "The Little Disturbances of Man," by Grace Paley. Each book was an ornament to its publisher and to the season in which it appeared. Both books were brilliant, original, insightful, and ex-

(*Continued on page* 50)

"C. P. Snow is right. Art and science should be deeply and intimately concerned with each other. I'm going to call *this* one 'Entropy'!"

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Amour, Amour, Amour

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS critical writings Herbert Gold has referred to fiction as the exploration of human possibility, and his novels and short stories demonstrate what he means. In particular he has been concerned with the effect of love on personality. His first three novels, though in other ways they are strikingly different, have a common theme: in each a man learns to love and at the same time comes to terms with himself. It is hard to tell which comes first, love or self-discovery. Indeed, Gold seems to be saying that each is the prerequisite of the other: only the person who is capable of love can accept himself, and, conversely, only the person with self-knowledge and self-respect is capable of a fruitful relationship with others. Somehow a miracle has to happen, and in "Birth of a Hero," "The Prospect Before Us," and "The Man Who Was Not With It," Gold has examined some of the ways in which the transformation takes place. In his fourth novel, "The Optimist," on the other hand, he has shown us a man who learns neither lesson, a man who remains alienated both from himself and from others.

"Therefore Be Bold" (Dial, $3.95) continues the study of love, and this time Gold is scrutinizing the love of adolescents. It is a theme that often has been treated humorously though sometimes with morbid seriousness. Gold is serious enough but a long way from being morbid. There are comic episodes in the book, and the narrator, who is looking back over twenty years, knows as well as anyone that he and his boyhood friends were making fools of themselves in a variety of ways. But at the same time he feels both tenderness and respect, and he has a sense that anything is possible for these boys and girls.

The place is a suburb of Cleveland, and the time is the late Thirties. The narrator is Dan Berman, who appears in some of the stories in "Love and Like" and who is to be identified—who can say how closely?—with the author. Dan has two friends, Juicer Montague and Tom Moss, and it is mostly about these three that Gold writes in the first part of the novel. They remember the Depression, and they are not unaware of what Hitler is doing in Europe, but for the most part their minds, naturally enough, are on other matters. Dan and Juicer have literary interests, and can grow ecstatic about Tom Wolfe, James Branch Cabell, and Omar Khayyám. All of them are prone to indulge in large speculations about life and destiny. But what they are chiefly interested in, again quite naturally, is girls.

The first part leads up to an episode in which the three boys decide to go camping and get drunk. Each of them snitches a little from each of his father's bottles, and thus armed they go to a state park. "We drank and then discussed questions. We listened within ourselves for the jargon of courage, mystery, love, and evil, and heard the schoolboy slang of animus and puppy mewlings. Abracadabrists, submissive to poetry, we thought of women as queens. Like royal persons they had to make the first gestures toward us."

It is soon after this that Dan goes for his first walk with Eva Masters, and they talk about poetry, and in the end they kiss. Thereafter they are together a great deal, but at a party Dan sees Eva kissing another boy. Smitten with jealousy, he makes a date with Pattie Donahue. ("If you're not too busy with your dancing and going to football practice. Occupied taken up, I mean. Scrimmage, I mean.") There is also, for him and his two companions, a visit to a prostitute. But eventually he makes up with Eva.

And now, as they become more and more intimate, there is a new problem for Dan: Eva's father, sour, dyspeptic, violently anti-Semitic. Eva defies her father, and insists on taking Dan to her home.

> I chose to be led, submitting my freedom to my wonder at a girl with such economical touchings who could nevertheless feed me love spread like sweet butter over her father's ill-will. Eva was not so foolish in life as that other Dan in me asks her to be in this sad vaudeville about her. Tender and frightened, very young, she held to self-knowledge in the learning, and could live with both fright and tenderness. She liked me. She loved her father. Eva admired herself—first things still came first.

Euclid Masters's assault continues, and finally, just after Dan's and Eva's intimacy has reached its climax, he forbids Dan to see her. Eva waits for Dan to take his stand, but Dan is struggling with a complex of emotions, including pity for Mr. Masters. I am not sure that Gold quite succeeds in making us understand Dan's feelings at this point, but we do know that the boy is going through an experience that will influence his whole life. For Eva, however, his behavior is a disappointment, and though she disobeys her father and goes with Dan to the class picnic, the relationship between them is coming to an end.

Gold chooses at times to be enigmatic, but his general meaning is clear. In a kind of epilogue he writes: "We have to count on surprise and discord in this life, breathe through the mouth, and expect new songs. Therefore endless! I mean that true economy, friends, is an extravagance: Be good for our own pleasure—*that the why*—but be bold for the children of everyone—*and this the yes.*" In short, the book is written in praise of human possibilities.

PERHAPS I have quoted enough along the way to show that Gold has fashioned for this book an original style, and the style is responsible for much of its power. He has always had a good ear, and some of the talk—conversations of Dan's parents, for instance, or the adolescents' talk at the party—is wonderful. But it is in descriptive and reflective passages that his style is most distinctive. He employs many devices, including Joycean puns and bits of verse, but what he chiefly relies on is imagery of startling boldness. Here, for example, is Chuck Hastings at the party: "In some respects he resembled a mummy—the shriveled yellow skin, the hand and head too large for a wasted body, the bottomless eye sockets of thought beyond the Nile. But his agile Adam's apple and point-making finger made him less the Styx-swimmer dog-paddling toward Coptic limbos than a high school intellectual intimidating the navel-eyed little girl." This is high-pitched, to be sure, but the point is that Gold keeps it up and keeps it up. He has been working steadily towards greater freedom and freshness in the use of words, not for the sake of shocking the reader but in order to rouse him out of lethargy, in order to compel him to see more clearly and feel more strongly. One may feel that he is not always successful and yet respond sharply to the total effect. The book vibrates with energy. It is full of the hopefulness and courage of the young, full of belief in love, full of the sense of human possibility.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Backstage Stories from Washington

"My First Fifty Years in Politics," by Joe Martin, *as told to Robert J. Donovan (McGraw-Hill. 252 pp. $4.95), reminisces about the state of the nation during the five decades that the Republican Representative from Massachusetts has had a part in its conduct. The director of the Washington Bureau for Newsweek, Ernest K. Lindley has been covering national politics for thirty-five years.*

By Ernest K. Lindley

FEW LIVING Americans have had as long and varied experience in American politics as Joe Martin—Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Republican of Massachusetts. He entered the Massachusetts legislature in 1911, Congress in 1925. For twenty years, until he was deposed last year, he was Republican leader of the House of Representatives, serving two terms as Speaker. He was Alf Landon's floor manager in 1936, permanent chairman of five Republican national conventions, and chairman of the Republican National Committee during Wendell Willkie's campaign in 1940 and for four years thereafter.

No member of Congress is better liked or more thoroughly trusted by his colleagues of both parties than Joe Martin. These reminiscences show why. He is unassuming, direct, gently humorous, warm, kind. His collaborator, Robert J. Donovan, chief of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and author of "Eisenhower: The Inside Story," has done a superb job. The book sounds and feels throughout like Joe Martin.

Martin is a partisan of course. He dedicates this volume to all "who fought with me through the years to maintain the two-party system of government in the United States." For a time he apparently genuinely feared that FDR would succeed in exterminating the Republican Party. But he voted for some of the New Deal reforms, calls FDR an "inspirational leader," and says that the Democrats probably were better equipped than the Republicans to prosecute the Second World War: "The poorer classes and the working people, for example, would have reacted unfavorably to a draft put through by the Republican Party." He has some kind words for Harry S. Truman, too—especially Truman's lack of partisanship in proposing the change in the law on Presidential succession which placed the Speaker next after the Vice President. Had Truman died between July 18, 1947, and January 20, 1949, when Alben Barkley was sworn as Vice President, Martin would have become President. Martin reveals that he intended if that occurred, to ask Herbert Hoover to become Secretary of State

In 1952 Martin urged General MacArthur to seek the Republican Presidential nomination but declined a request to organize a MacArthur campaign because he did not want to oppose Taft. He says Taft would have made a good President and, if nominated, could have been elected in either 1948 or 1952. In the latter year, however, he thinks MacArthur rather than Eisenhower could have been the nominee if Taft had withdrawn his own name before the national convention.

Martin is catholic enough in his Republican tastes to have liked and admired Willkie too. Willkie, he says, "had a great potential for leadership, and . . . would have given this country a sane Administration." After Wilkie's defeat, Martin, as national chairman, fought off the attempts of the "fat cats" to "seize control of the Republican organization." For a year after the 1940 election the national committee "never had a thousand dollars in the bank." The telephone bills and the rent were in arrears. Martin paid some operating expenses out of his own pocket. But he refused to yield to the "dictation" of the big-money groups: "For the Republicans to have allowed these interests to emerge as the party symbol would have been an act of political suicide."

Martin thinks President Eisenhower has been a good President but that he has erred in not devoting more attention to building the Republican Party. In both 1952 and 1956, he asserts, "a disproportionate amount of money for television and other campaign activities was devoted to the Presidential race at the expense of the Congressional campaign." He blames this partly on the "Madison Avenue crowd." As for party patronage: Martin reveals that early in the Eisenhower Administration he lost two jobs which the Democrats had allowed him to fill. When told about this, Eisenhower expressed astonishment but apparently never compensated Martin for the loss.

Martin's lukewarmness toward the Eisenhower regime may be attributed

—*United Press International.*

"President Roosevelt and I were good friends. Like myself, he was a practical politician, and we understood each other well. I often sat alone with him in his study in the White House, and much good-natured banter passed between us."

—*Life photo by Hank Walker.*
—*Pictures and quotes from book.*

"How fleeting is the interval that President Eisenhower had to accomplish his objectives. As in any great passage of human affairs, one looks back on this span of time with mixed emotions."

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partly to his defeat for the party leadership in the House in 1959, which the President could have prevented and, Martin thinks, certain members of the President's staff abetted. His harshest words are concentrated on the man who displaced him as minority leader, Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana.

This book is liberally seasoned with backstage anecdotes. Soon after Eisenhower entered the White House, Senator Russell, Democrat of Georgia, said to Martin: "Joe. we've got to make the Eisenhower Administration a success. We've all got to cooperate to this end, because if it fails, the next Administration will be a radical one." About the same time Senator Taft "fairly shouted" across the table at the President: "The primary thing we promised the American people was reduction of expenditure. Now you're taking us right down the road Truman traveled."

For the student of practical politics, one of the most interesting passages is about the extension of the draft act in 1941—achieved by a margin of one vote in the House. Martin voted against it and advised other Republicans to do so but didn't urge them too hard because he thought its defeat would be adverse to the national interest! In his final chapter, however, he says that "our federal system of government cannot prosper unless enough members are willing to support the national interest against the local interest, painful though the choice may be for the individual."

> "Step by step I had worked my way forward from an obscure seat in the last row to the front of the House. Now in one stride I was for all practical purposes back again in the obscurity of the last row."
>
> —*Joe Martin.*

To the young person considering a political career, Martin says: Yes—"if one is willing to work half the night, to live on a modest income, to wear himself out doing things for others and yet be tolerant of the ridicule, misunderstanding, and criticism he is likely to get for his pains." He himself has found in public life "deep personal fulfillment." His final words are: "After years of living with the coldest realities I still believe that one reaps what one sows and that to sow kindness is the best of all investments." A thoroughly decent man, Joe Martin. We could use many more like him in our public life.

Romantic Rascal Reviews His Past

"Adventures in the South" *(Putnam's. 656 pp. $5), is the fourth volume of the definitive English version of the confessional autobiography of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt. Robert J. Clements, director of comparative literature in New York University's Graduate School, is now in Italy as a Fulbright scholar. His novel on the Don Juan theme has received high praise and enthusiastic rejections from several major publishers.*

By Robert J. Clements

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY was the halcyon time for Don Juans. A gentleman of rank could still spend his life at gaming and wenching and win envy rather than reproach. One possessed an unending supply of louis and sequins to help turn a lass's head. One's squire was perfectly trained as a pander. One had the means and leisure to continue the chase not only in such likely centers as Paris, but even in such unexploited hickvilles as Grenoble, Augsburg, or Turin, where the girls were impressed by a big-city man of the world. One still enjoyed a kind of *droit du seigneur* over the women of lower social strata, impressed as they (and their mothers) were by an aristocratic name with a particule. As Casanova put it, on meeting in an inn an honest but poor girl: "I cast a hungry gaze on this young lady without more ado, just as if all the women in Europe were only a seraglio kept for my pleasure."

France of the Enlightenment, with its cultivation of refined debauchery, had a particular appeal for Casanova. The ladies set the tone, from the king's favorites who governed France to the book-reading courtesans of the salons who, like Ninon de Lenclos, granted their favors to the encyclopedists and libertines surrounding them. Manon Lescaut, more loved than beloved, was typical of this *galante* France. As was the generous marchioness who explained her behavior with a shrug: "Since it costs me so little and affords them so much pleasure." The spirit of the time was caught in the boudoir sculpture of Clodion or the canvases of Fragonard, where a calf is exposed by a swing or a powdered bosom by a curtsey. Indeed, even today when a Frenchman asks a girl to come inspect his etchings, it is to "see my Fragonards."

But especially, the eighteenth century was ideal for Don Juans simply because no Freudian analysis was evoked to explain the comportment of a man like Casanova. No one branded him a satyr bent on taking out on all women the aggressive hostilities pent up since infancy against his mother. No one charged him with trying to work off debility or frigidity anxieties, or with asserting his manliness because of a latent propensity to homosexuality. No indeed; these Don Juans felt they were doing what comes naturally. Flirtations and liaisons were a constant in the recently discovered "plurality of

—*From the book.*

"The Rendezvous," by Fragonard.

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worlds." Says Casanova, "As the present moment is the only real thing in this life, I enjoyed her love and rejoiced in her caresses."

Jacques Casanova de Seingalt was thus typical of this generation, not only in rank and wealth, but also in his talent, sensitivity, charm, and amorality. Even the men whose wives and mistresses he assailed tended to find him not a bad chap. Casanova was typical also of these bewigged dandies with their diamond knee buckles in his amiable cynicism and worldly wisdom. He could dash off maxims and aphorisms with the best of them (see box). Like a picaresque hero, he had learned to size up those who crossed his path and to come off best in the encounter. Not only did women fall like top-heavy dolls into his arms, but he took the measure easily of a procession of clerics, adventurers, charlatans, swindlers, and even kings and popes. Only once did Casanova falter, when he was incarcerated in the dreaded Piombi Prison in Venice. Yet even this bastion, like the laws it represented, could not hold him.

The fourth volume of the "Memoirs" undertaken by Putnam's has appeared in a spacious book. This six-volume edition reproduces the Machen translation of 1894, with its leisured and slightly archaic vocabulary, and is expanded by chapters discovered by Arthur Symons. The instalment, "Adventures in the South," narrates the lively ubiquities of Casanova, mostly in southeastern France and northern Italy, in the late 1750s. As the book jacket is careful to remind us, it is the raciest. Although there are allusions to earlier events and foreshadowings of later ones, this chronicle may be read pleasurably as a unit.

The eighteenth-century scenes are rich and varied, for Casanova was restless as a commercial traveler and had an appetite for new people and places, the theatre and opera, (frequented alternately by respectable people and Hogarthian types), the civility of exchanging snuff and snuff-boxes, the discreet assignations fixed at the breakfast hour, the "concocting of horoscopes," the flights to churchly sanctuary of pursued seducers, and all the rest.

Jacques Casanova was an easygoing wit and intellectual, of course. He is disturbed when his *Mercure de France* or his *Journal des Savans* do not arrive. He cultivates Voltaire, disputes Hobbes, presents his *Pandects* to the Vatican Library. He is naturally inclined toward books, art (his brother paints), and politics. But his great enthusiasm is reserved for women. He cajoles them, romanticizes them, liquors them up, buys them, and deploys every trick to get them into his bed. He even deludes himself occasionally that he may marry one of them. And they flock into that bed, sometimes two and even three at a time. Every woman is described in lingering detail and the Stendhalian process of crystallization makes most of them great beauties. Like Ovid describing Andromeda or Ariosto depicting Alcina, he leaves us word-portraits of them, nude and clothed. No two women are alike, and each adventure has a distinct bouquet. His seductions are so routinely successful that sometimes he catches victims he doesn't even want—one of these being inadvertently his daughter. When one remembers the crude techniques of the original Don Juan of the seventeenth century, one admits that it is the Age of the Enlighenment which has brought Don Juan to his finest flower.

Only the question remains whether Casanova is telling the truth. Was his technique as faultless as he claims? Were his staying powers as great as he alleged? Or does this prodigy give himself away when acknowledging that he prevaricated to his friends: "This story, which I invented, and uttered as I was wont, on the spur of the moment, turned me into a sort of wonder in these eyes of the worthy people." Yet even if the old man looking back exceeds the truth of autobiography, his fiction is worth the best of his racy contemporaries Laclos, Crébillon *fils*, La Morlière, and Restif de la Bretonne.

The Wordly Wisdom of Casanova

ON LIFE:

- To tell the truth to an unbelieving man is to prostitute it, to murder it.
- In the judicious employment of if's lies the secret of all astrology.
- It would have been bad form on my part to declare war against adventurers, as I was one myself, and I ought to have pardoned his lies as nearly all adventurers are more or less impostors.
- I feel that no misfortune has befallen me save by my own fault, whilst I attribute to natural causes the blessings of which I have enjoyed many.
- He was a diplomatist; if he had been a little lower down on the social scale he would have been treated as a spy.
- An Italian never forgets to avenge himself on his enemy; he knows it is the pleasure of the gods.
- There is a saying at Rome, *Sine effusione sanguinis non fit remission,* which may be interpreted, *Nothing without money.*

ON LOVE:

- The absent always fare ill.
- M. Palesi embraced me with effusion, as if to thank me for not objecting to his enjoying his rights as a husband.
- She had all that constitutes a beautiful woman save that gift of intellect, which makes beauty more beautiful, and gives a charm to ugliness itself.
- Love only laughs when two are present, and thus it is that ancient mythology tells no story of the loves of the Graces, who were always together.
- Whether a woman sells herself for twenty-five louis or 25,000,000 louis she is as much a prostitute in one case as in the other, if she does not give her love with herself, or at all events the semblance of love.
- I ask my reader's leave to draw a veil over some incidents of this truly scandalous orgy, in which the ugly woman taught me some things I did not know before.
- He has a mistress, but only for form's sake, as he is very fond of his wife.

—*From "Adventures in the South."*

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FICTION

The Birth of a Sequence

"Strangers and Brothers," by C. P. Snow *(Scribners. 309 pp. $4.50), published in England two decades ago, introduces some of the characters and reveals the over-all strategy in the sequence of eleven novels projected by the British author. The critical studies by Maxwell Geismar —from "Writers in Crisis" to "Rebels and Ancestors"—form a history of the American novel from 1860 to the present. Mr. Geismar's most recent work is "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

HERE at last is the first novel, the title novel, of the series of books that C. P. Snow has been writing for the last twenty years. Published in England in 1940, it appears while "The Affair" is a current best-seller and the impact of "The New Men" is still strong. The series as a whole, with eight novels published out of a projected eleven, is a panoramic study of contemporary English society from 1925 to the present. The separate novels cover the fields of education, science, politics, law, government, finance, and religion. The action moves from London, and the highest circles of power and authority, to the drab and provincial Midlands town where the central figure of the series, Lewis Eliot, has grown up.

It is certainly impressive and ambitious, this fictional enterprise which has been hailed by British and American critics alike, and has commanded a large popular audience. An unusual figure in the contemporary novel, C. P. Snow has been compared to Proust and to Stendhal. Yet all the commentary on his writing has had a lingering note of uncertainty. What is the secret of these sparse, flat, sometimes almost meager novels, whose concern for social justice and for the rights of the individual is tempered by a hard realism that knows the way of the world? What makes them important—and what is lacking in them?

One turns to "Strangers and Brothers," as the seminal novel of the series, with such questions; and this reviewer at least read the book with pleasure and admiration along with a familiar sense of frustration. You get almost physically annoyed at Snow for being so good, and no better; and you wonder whether his deliberate flatness of tone is matched by an inherent narrowness of vision. He is full of surprises and at the same time he is disappointing. Here, in the middle Twenties, Lewis Eliot is setting out on a career that will land him in the topmost centers of British government and science. But the central figure of the novel is George Passant, a young provincial lawyer and teacher who is trying to "liberate" some of these small, undernourished, lower-middle-class Midlands souls.

They are petty, they are undernourished spiritually as well as physically, they are so completely British! The great virtue of the novel is its uncompromising honesty.

Passant is the "rebel" of the town. He is its only man of originality and principle, with a concern for the future. But he is trapped and dragged down as much by his own inner weakness as by the general forces of propriety, convention, and property in the town.

The novel traces his disintegration on both social and personal levels—but which causes which? Where was the wrong turning? Very early in the story there is a typical "Snow scene": the meeting of a provincial board of education to discuss the case of Jack Cotery, who has lost both his job and his scholarship because of Roy Calvert's "crush" on him—that is to say, because Roy's father has discovered this with horror. Passant stands up for justice, and antagonizes the town's ruling class. It is the beginning of his ruin, but he might have stood up for his ideas more astutely. There is the play of his ego in his devotion to principle, a familiar theme in both the men and the women of Snow's fiction. Just as the present "heroine," Olive Calvert, is madly "in love" with Cotery because, at bottom, she knows that she can dominate him.

The stripping away of the illusions that men live by, the facing up to the moral situations that most of us avoid—this is the novelist at his best. Snow, who should never be compared to French or Russian novelists, or even to D. H. Lawrence (who came from the same region), is closer to Orwell, say, than to Arnold Bennett or H. G. Wells.

Perhaps the most sympathetic character in this novel is the old lawyer Martineau. He turns mystic and abandons all his worldly possessions, finally even his own self-image. "Ah well, religion is a terrible thing," says his partner Eden comfortably, while he blocks off Passant from the partnership Martineau would have given him.

Around this central drama, there are the other members of "The Group" which Passant has collected as a method of informal education, but also to support his own vanity and, finally, his libido. Some of these figures appear in the later novels, as Roy Calvert does in "The Masters" and as Passant does again in "Homecoming." The London lawyer in this novel, Getliffe, is the older half-brother of the brilliant young scientist Francis Getliffe in "The Conscience of the Rich," and here too Snow uses the familiar technique of a legal trial to bring out the final revelations about his people. We begin to see, in the first novel of the whole series, some of the links, the varying technical methods, the over-all strategy with which Snow has planned and unified his epic-like chronicle of English life.

"Strangers and Brothers" has indeed all the elements of a good novel, even though it isn't one—not quite. I mean it is surely not a great novel, just as I think that the series as a whole is good literature but not *very* good literature. (It is hard to make these distinctions in a market-place atmosphere of "masterpieces" versus "masterpieces of entertainment.") Perhaps Snow's present vogue is due mainly to the fact that he fills the place of the "old-fashioned" novelist who both entertained and edified us in a very decent way. He is also one of the most civilized novelists now writing—and that may come close to his central limitation.

FOR GREAT literature is the meeting place, or the battleground, of both nature and society, of instinct and repression, while the world of C. P. Snow is one of invisible and yet prevailing inhibition. Snow surely "knows" the primary drives of human nature, and he is careful to include them. But he sees them mainly in terms of power (even in his women) rather than of pleasure —in particular the sexual pleasures. And he knows them mainly through the moderating, restrained "mind" of Lewis Eliot himself—the central observer-actor-narrator of the series, who showed us in "Homecoming" (again with remarkable candor) the gray limits of his own horizon. Snow does not deceive himself, or us, but neither does he excite us as the great masters do. It may be that for major fiction the high note of morality and civilization, like honesty, is not enough.

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The Heroine Is a Rebel

"Are You Hungry Are You Cold," by Ludwig Bemelmans *(World. 245 pp. $3.95), is a comic love song for an antisocial pre-teenager. Martin Tucker is on the English staff of Long Island University.*

By Martin Tucker

JUSTLY famous for his bittersweet satires, Bemelmans presents in this book (his twenty-first "adult" work) a rich girl waif against the background of the crumbling world of French military aristocracy just before World War II. The heroine, who remains nameless, grows up along with her brother in the midst of luxury but without any real training. Treated like young dogs, both children are simply patted on the head and housebroken.

Their education remains in this primitive state till one evening when, at a great ball their parents are giving, the youngsters decide the guests might enjoy meeting two prize baby boars they have been keeping in their rooms. The inevitable happens: the boars escape from the children's grasp and cause havoc at the ball. Papa decides mama has been too lenient in her duties, and he takes charge of the children's upbringing. The result is a ferocious scene between papa and daughter, at which papa receives such epithets as "assassin!," "dirty skin of a cow!," "Polichinelle!," and "Martinet!" This outburst results in several more beatings, and finally banishment to a convent school.

From this point on, Bemelmans makes it clear his heroine is a rebel. Although she accepts her first exile, she refuses to obey the Mother Superior, and at one point squeezes her throat. When she is hustled off to Spain to stay with her grandmother, she becomes openly defiant. In fact, she might be said to be waging a one-woman war against bureaucracy: she attempts to burn down a convent, she cunningly entices a priest into her bedroom, and she chloroforms a beautiful, spoiled, docile "inmate" at the convent and paints every part of her body in a different color. Bemelmans's girl is a rebel, but a rebel of what stripe it is difficult to say.

It is just this lack of "placement" that makes the heroine intriguing. She is an adolescent suffering growing pains, but few adolescents have her imagination, her will power, or her immense cruelty. This cruelty explains why, in the first part of the book, she is not very sympathetic. While she is not a sadist, neither does she have any concern for her victims. In the second part of the book, when she is reunited with her family in Occupied Germany, she is still as wilful as ever but she has learned to share with and to love even people to whom she feels superior. Her cruelty does not abate but her shrill, defiant screams reveal the agony of a girl groping for understanding.

This book is fascinating as a portrait of contemporary European youth. With the most seemingly elemental of styles, Bemelmans has created atoms of fissionable emotion. The novel, however, is not without flaw. In attempting to write a comic love song for his antisocial heroine, the author has instead drawn a partial indictment. There is a world of difference between the chuckle caused when his heroine discovers two servants lying in the grass and making children just the way the pigs do it, and the painful laughter when the twelve-year-old girl schemes, Lolita-like, to get a priest up to her room. The fact that Bemelmans's heroine is often more interesting than likable would not in itself be a shortcoming, if he did not also suggest she was just passing through a cute stage. As it is, Bemelmans mixes coy humor with splashes of violence and cynicism. This combination occasionally produces an unpleasant flavor that has the taste of the synthetic about it. Fortunately, most of the novel is filled with rich, unadulterated, joyous compassion.

DECEPTION IN DUBLIN: The title figure of Michael Campbell's novel, **"Peter Perry"** (Orion, $3.50), is a woman, and this makes for the first surprise in an amusing story about contemporary Dublin. Michael Campbell is a Dubliner who went to Paris, and then London, from which vantage point he has viewed his home city with detachment, a certain fondness, and an eye for the comic element in its people. Peter Perry herself is of the type that used to be known as eccentric. Today we might call her a "character." She happens to be a gaunt, six-foot, elderly bohemian who chainsmokes cigarettes, entertains theatrical people in her flat, never pays her bills—the accumulation of which fails to daunt her—and introduces her young nephew to his first glimpse of the sophisticated world.

Peter and her nephew, Roy, are only part of the story, however. Enter a mysterious stranger from London who stands in the square outside the building in which Peter and Roy live and looks up at their windows. The man has silvery hair and bears a remarkable likeness to Peter's vanished husband of thirty years ago, and he hopes to use this resemblance to gain some of Peter's supposed fortune. In other words, knowing that she'd give anything not to have her former husband around, James assumes the fellow's identity. Having arrived, he hopes to be paid to leave.

All this results in a curious comedy, kept from becoming farce through Mr. Campbell's remarkably good writing and his keen sense of what makes people individual and memorable. His vaudeville variety performers, his sad Dublin poets, his lady novelists, even two temperamental dogs—all come through sharply and clearly. And while Peter is at times funny, not to say impossible, she is touching, too. If Mr. Campbell doesn't entirely get to the bottom of her outrageous personality, it is because he decided she is better left as she is. No point in cracking the facade, particularly when it is so well maintained.

First novel though this may be, it is plain that Michael Campbell is already an accomplished writer. He seems to know exactly what he is doing; he hasn't tried to do too much; and what he has done is amusing and good. There is evidently a lot of life left in that old city of Dublin, and presumably Mr. Joyce didn't explore it all.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 901

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 901 will be found in the next issue.

FLY US YSA

BACFGML SDLH

FSCYANKYB,

GCA SDLH

FSMLQKMMB.

—OSYTCOKCB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 900

The music teacher came twice each week to bridge the awful gap between Dorothy and Chopin.

—GEORGE ADE.

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THE PAST

Doubting Thomas Diplomacy

"Between War and Peace," by Herbert Feis *(Princeton University Press. 367 pp. $6.50), pointing to the Potsdam Conference, conveys a warning against wishful thinking in our dealings with the Soviet Union. Frank Altschul is chairman of the International Planning Association's Committee on International Policy.*

By Frank Altschul

NO ONE can read this latest study in diplomatic history by Herbert Feis without being deeply impressed with the skilful manner in which he has transformed a searching examination of all relevant documents into a dramatic and arresting narrative. The principal actors in the drama, which began with the approach of the German surrender and which culminated in the Potsdam Conference, stand out in vivid relief. Eisenhower with his eyes focused on victory in the field, Churchill constantly apprehensive lest its fruits be jeopardized by an unwarranted faith in the purposes of the Soviet Union, and Truman, following the course set by Roosevelt, striving manfully to build upon the illusion that Stalin's objectives were in accord with our own—all these are unforgettable figures. Yet in the end, as Mr. Feis observes, "it may well be that Stalin was most nearly content at what had been done at Potsdam, for the Soviet position in regard to those European matters of most direct interest had come through unscathed."

There were warnings enough, frequently underscored by Churchill, that the Soviet Union was pursuing a course destined to undermine in the years ahead the very foundations of the wartime coalition. The early negotiations with regard to the composition of the postwar government of Poland flashed a danger signal far too little taken into account. In the course of prolonged attempts to reach an agreement giving effect to the Yalta Accord it became quite apparent to the American and British participants in these discussions "that the Soviet government would not permit the emergence of any Polish government that might not be securely subject to its will . . ."

This was, of course, entirely contrary to the spirit of Yalta; and Harry Hopkins was dispatched on a mission to Moscow in the hope that he might prevail upon Stalin to give effect to the agreements reached in the Crimea. But these talks, brilliantly summarized by Mr. Feis, merely furnished cumulative evidence that no matter how clearly a meeting of minds was translated into a written document, no matter how great the degree of accord reached in the course of discussion, Stalin, like Humpty Dumpty in "Through the Looking Glass," held obstinately to the view that when *he* used a word it meant just what he chose it to mean —neither more nor less.

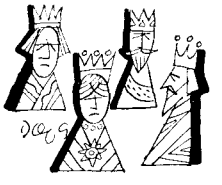
In spite of this knowledge so bitterly acquired, the American negotiators, for a variety of reasons, were inclined at almost every stage to accept verbal formulations which lacked the precision required to provide an effective check on Stalin's ingenuity. There was throughout a disposition to play down the misgivings of Winston Churchill. Domestic considerations placed limits on the freedom of action of our negotiators. The growing demand in the United States to bring the boys home from Europe at the earliest possible moment, to secure at almost any cost Soviet participation in the war in the Pacific, and, above all, to avoid anything that might prejudice the success of the San Francisco Conference conspired to blind us to the obvious.

How far away all this seems today! We have at last recognized, somewhat belatedly it is true, to what an extent we have been duped and euchred by our Soviet ally. The objectives that Stalin pursued relentlessly from the day of the German surrender until his death remain the unchanged purposes of his successor. Yet notwithstanding the mortal challenge which these constitute to the most cherished values of our society, there are still naïve individuals among us who from time to time allow themselves to become beguiled by the slightest indication of a more benign attitude by the Kremlin.

A careful reading of "Between War and Peace" should warn them against this tendency to indulge in wishful thinking. The best that we can hope for may be summed up in these words:

> Maybe, despite the dreary and repetitive battle of yeas and nays that is going on as I write these closing pages, after much wearing turmoil the West and the Communist realm will reach a mutually tolerable adjustment of their quarrels. Ironically enough, the chance that they will do so derives mainly from the "mutuality of terror"—from their power to destroy each other.

This volume appears with the utmost timeliness in these days of the Presidential campaign. Inevitably one of the prime subjects of debate will be whether, if we continue to follow the military policies pursued during the Eisenhower Administration, "the mutuality of terror" will in fact *persist* during the early 1960s, or whether far more vigorous and determined efforts on our part are essential to make sure that it does. Herbert Feis has suggested the crucial importance of arriving at a sound determination of this issue.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OR MAYBE SORT OF QUADRILATERAL

Each of the following questions, chosen by Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, contains an example of what might be termed quadruple parallelism. She asks you to name titles and authors. Answers on page 34.

1. Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend.
2. Chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon.
3. Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red.
4. The sun or the light or the moon or the stars.
5. Boss, spotter, starter, hostler.
6. Torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement.
7. The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine.
8. To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
9. Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
10. Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing.

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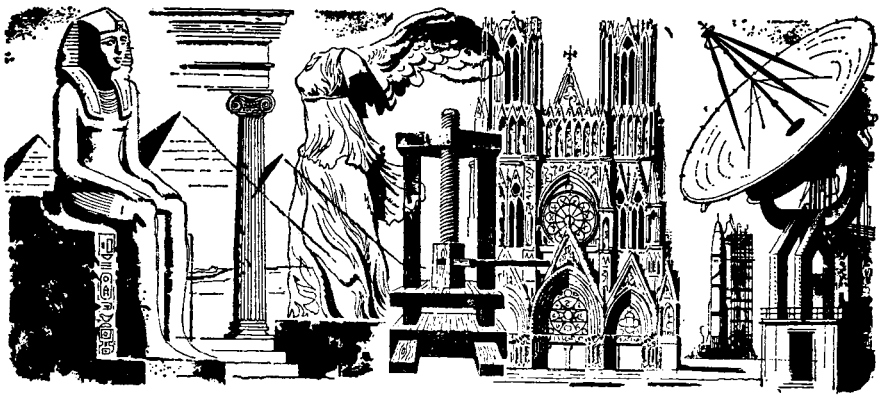


—*Illustrations from the book.*

Stone Age to Space Travel

"The Heritage of Man," by Goldwin Smith *(Scribners. 848 pp. $12.50), telescopes the history of this planet and sounds an alarm against "the forces of agnosticism, mechanized illusions, and moral neutrality." Maxine Greene is an assistant professor of education at New York University, where she teaches philosophy, literature, and, from time to time, history.*

By Maxine Greene

THIS most recent attempt to create a universal history becomes a celebration of man's journey out of primal slime to an existentialist hope rooted in despair. Professor Smith, who teaches history at Wayne State University, has made a handsome book replete with illustrations that strike chords of pleasant recognition in the reader. Stressing the "mysterious universe" in which humanity has lived through its manifold careers, he has tried to weave chains of continuity, to show the generations standing on each other's shoulders in their difficult progress to a problematic end.

Although the author claims to have "no new or old theory of history," we are soon aware that he has read his Isaiah Berlin and Pieter Geyl. Like them, he rejects the notion that the past can be explained by fixed laws or determinisms; and he apparently agrees, for all his concern with "ultimate purpose," that there is neither direction nor inevitability in the affairs of men.

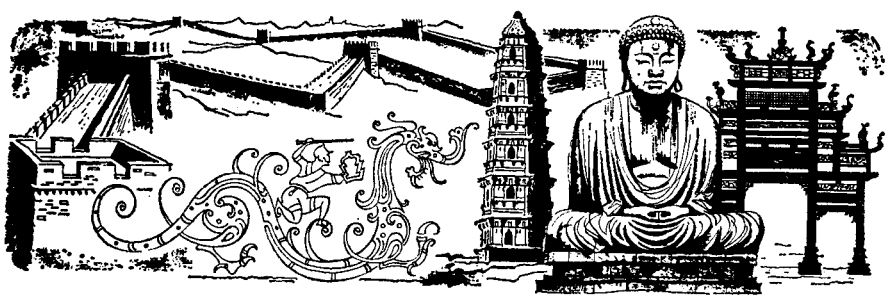
Beginning with the prehistory of the planet and of mankind, Dr. Smith moves in staccato rhythms to the story of "the land of the pharaohs and pyramids," of the transient kingdoms of the Fertile Crescent, of fated Babylon, of Israel and its "submission to the will of God, whose sublime purposes no man can know." We cannot but be impressed when he refuses to let "the voices of Asia recede"; and, for all his occidental self-consciousness, we sympathize with his effort to see the Asian countries as "their peoples see them." Our attention is focused, however, on the philosophic heritage of India and China: the Rigveda, the Upanishads; Buddhism, which is "India's most important gift to the world"; the maxims of Confucius and the mystic Way of Lao-tzu. Then, with something like relief, the writer turns to what he knows is "imperishable," the more familiar glories of Greece and Rome. We read of their class wars and "columns of curdled marble," of their rulers and conquests, of their seminal thinkers, and finally of the decline of the ancient world at the fall of Rome. "The rule of the Caesars ended. The power of the bishops survived."

By now we recognize that, for this historian, history is a "labyrinth of many roads" which can never "be wholly perceived or understood." As he sketches in the rise of Christianity and handles the increasing complexities of feudalism and medieval times, he pulls the stops of "mystery" and "enigma" more and more. The processes become "infinitely complicated," and we are continually reminded of the endless questions man must put to the lowering sky.

When we edge closer to the modern period, Dr. Smith's design becomes grandiose. There are shorthand accounts of battles ranging from the exploits of Charles VIII of France in 1494 to the "police action" in Korea in 1949. There are descriptions of social and technological changes, political currents and party squabbles in East and West, religious movements, philosophies, masterpieces in art. The writer makes a noble effort to present these phenomena in their connectedness; and, unlike most cultural historians, he does consult anthropology for suggestions on the meaning of "culture." Unfortunately, though, except when he is dealing with such cultures as the Mayan in Mexico, he succumbs to the temptation of dividing the whole into preconceived parts.

INTELLIGIBILITY may demand separate treatment of the physical and intellectual events at each stage of the way; but, if the "style" of a period is to be communicated, something needs to be done to integrate these materials into organic patterns, to suggest that ideas and behaviors are functions of each other in a dynamic "field." It scarcely seems sufficient, for example, for all Professor Smith's hostility to efforts to "explain the Reformation solely in economic terms," to dispose of the complex interrelations between the Reformation and the rise of capitalism by saying simply that there *were* "important political and economic causes" and that "the use of the adjectives 'political' and 'economic' and 'religious' merely means that you are going to try to look at the same men and events through different lenses." The use of multiple lenses is not the same as a deliberate integration. This is evident when the writer omits mention of the connections between pre-Socratic philosophy and Greek tragedy, between Dante's work and the transition to Renaissance thought, between the rise of the several romanticisms and economic change. Beethoven is discussed in a social vacuum, as are Rembrandt, Zola, and even David Hume.

We are told that "what the observer sees sometimes depends a great deal on his spectacles and upon the total of his own character and personality." We



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know that Smith is no Toynbee and no Tawney; but we begin to wonder what he is, what spectacles he wears. Jan Huizinga, in discussing the historian's attempts to make "sense" of the past, once wrote that "to express this 'sense' he must organize historical phenomena according to the categories with which his *Weltanschauung*, his intellect, and his culture provide him." It would have helped if Professor Smith had made his categories explicit.

Moreover, he omits all mention of contemporary education and its crucial role. Dr. Smith's conclusion becomes a grim survey of modern science and a warning against "the forces of agnosticism, mechanized illusions, and moral neutrality," a warning, in effect, against human presumption and sinful pride. In this mood—and with a quotation from Camus—the compendium comes to a close. Readable as it is, "The Heritage of Man" will find a place on the living room shelves of those who lift their heads at the sound of existential questions, who enjoy probing without too much strain into the condition of man.

Action on Breed's Hill

"Now We Are Enemies," by Thomas J. Fleming *(St. Martin's Press. 350 pp. $5), repeoples the Battle of Bunker Hill with individual close-ups and in broad panorama. Bruce Lancaster's many books include "Night March" and "Ticonderoga."*

By Bruce Lancaster

IN "NOW WE ARE ENEMIES," Thomas J. Fleming has set forth in strong, flashing colors and with a wealth of detail a full-scale narrative of the so-called "Battle of Bunker's Hill," June 17, 1775, the first to appear in a great many years. Using a vast mass of material, primary and secondary, he has constructed an account that is highly human, often moving, and admirably objective. Like a director with a revolving stage, the author skilfully maintains continuity, showing first his New England actors swinging his set to bring the British before the footlights, then switching back once more. On this shifting stage privates, sergeants, officers from ensigns to major-generals tell their particular stories of that June day, often in their own words, often in syntheses of what those words might have been, the whole blending into a swell of high, fine courage on both sides, a courage that rises above suspicion, disillusionment, stark fear, and hot slaughter.

Yet with all this action, color, drama, comedy, and tragedy the narrative drags badly at the start. For at least half a dozen chapters we are shown the protagonists in broad panorama and individual close-ups, after which the author turns to flashbacks that wander through earlier years in other countries and cities, among people and events not directly concerned with the military action under inspection. It is as though Mr. Fleming were thrusting an apprehensive toe into the water of his theme, withdrawing it hastily, hopefully testing again only to retire once more. More than 150 pages are consumed before the tempo picks up. After that, few will quarrel with the pace set.

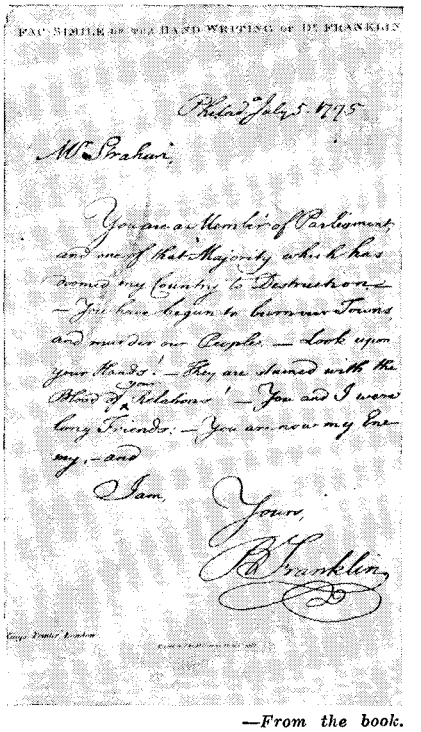
As indicated above, the strong main narrative is enlivened with carefully chosen quotes from participants. Most of these are built solidly and credibly into the story. The reconstructions may strike many as less fortunate, notably the Henry Clinton-William Howe dialogue beginning on page 10, and about all of Colonel William Prescott's speeches on Breed's Hill. And can Israel Putnam speak only in a "roar"?

There are points of fact and opinion that tend to keep eyebrows jumping. Why the House of Brunswick for the House of Hanover? It is also hard to accept the rating of first-class as applied to the Royal Marines, who at that period seem to have been in sorry shape, particularly in regard to officers. (Major Pitcairn must have been a rare exception.) And many will boggle over Mr. Fleming's exculpations of General Thomas Gage's strategy, notably in the frontal attack and in sending his men up the slopes full-pack. It is being wise after the event to equate other possible landing places with modern amphibious experience. It may also be argued that the author vastly underrates Gage's knowledge of General Artemus Ward's dispositions and, even more, the intelligence that could have been brought him on the 17th with a little waterborne reconnaissance independent of the slothful Admiral Graves, whom Mr. Fleming properly excoriates.

Again, he seems far too generous in estimating the military experience of the American command. Ward had served briefly in Abercrombie's ill-starred stroke at Ticonderoga in 1758. Israel Putnam had seen much action, but as a Ranger, not "with troops" in the accepted sense of the word. William Prescott had been at Louisbourg but not in the upper echelons. At a regimental level, Christian Febiger, the Dane, had had no military service, beyond the martial smattering customary in his social class in Europe. He had come to the Danish West Indies as secretary to his uncle, the Governor, and drifted thence, trading, to Boston.

Wobbly, too, in my opinion, is the reasoning that the choice of Breed's Hill was not only deliberate, but militarily correct. I failed utterly to follow Artemus Ward's conjectured reasoning in the paragraph that runs from page 167 to 168, ending with the statement that it was "less than a mile from North Battery in Boston to Willis Creek." The best contemporary maps that I can find give a good two miles. Returning to the field of fact, we find allusions to people crowding "the flat roofs" of Boston, though prints of the time show masses of hip-roof and gambrel.

Many of the above objections may be set down as differences of opinion. As such, they could only be settled by staging the whole action all over again, a rather impracticable procedure. In any event, the general reader will find in this book a highly absorbing, vivid account of a Revolutionary battle whose importance to both sides, properly assayed by Mr. Fleming, far transcended its immediate results.


FAC SIMILE OF THE HAND WRITING OF DR FRANKLIN

Philad[a] July 5 1775

Mr Strahan

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction — You have begun to burn our Towns and murder our People — Look upon your Hands! — They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! — You and I were long Friends: — You are now my Enemy, — and

I am

Yours,

B Franklin

—From the book.

Facsimile of letter (never mailed) from Benjamin Franklin to his English publisher after the Battle of Bunker Hill. This letter contains the words "You and I were long Friends:—You are now my Enemy,—and I am Yours."

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He Sought the Secret of Creation

"Wilhelm Reich: Selected Writings" *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 548 pp. $7.50), offered as an introduction to the "Science of Orgonomy," is by the late psychoanalyst who called himself the discoverer of "Cosmic Life Energy." Sydney J. Harris, syndicated newspaper columnist, is also vice president of the Associates of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago.*

By Sydney J. Harris

I AM FRANKLY not qualified to review this stupendous (and stupefying) anthology of Dr. Reich's writings; but this modest disclaimer must be followed by the immodest conjecture that nobody I can think of is qualified.

Taking his point of departure from his masterly book "Character Analysis" of 1933—which many consider his last important contribution to human thought—Dr. Reich then soared into the most ambitious flight of speculation known to mankind, which he termed the "Science of Orgonomy."

In order to evaluate the merits of his theory, and to separate the facts from the fantasies, a critic would have to possess high competency in the fields of psychiatry, biology, physics, physiology, embryology, theodicy, meteorology, hematology, histology, cosmology, bacteriology, and astrophysics, among others.

For Dr. Reich set out to discover and chart a "unified field theory" comparable to Einstein's quest, but much more enveloping. Einstein, when he died, was searching for a universal rule that would unify and explain the apparent discrepancies in physics; Reich, when he died three years ago, was convinced he had found the secret of all creation in his "Cosmic Life Energy." His theory embraces not only physical laws, but psychological, spiritual, and biological laws as well.

It is simply too easy to dismiss Reich's later developments as the aberrations of a raving lunatic. His work, it is true, bears all the earmarks of paranoid projection. Like the unfortunates in mental hospitals, he possesses all the secrets of life: he can restore potency, cure cancer, control the weather. Moreover, like them, he fancies himself the victim of a gigantic conspiracy—persecuted, ignored, ridiculed, and finally sent to prison for fraud.

That he, a man nearly seventy, was sent to prison, where he died a year later, is a pity; for whatever else he might have been, I am convinced that he was not a conscious charlatan. He may have been the towering genius a few thought he was, or the dedicated madman I suspect he was, but it was fanaticism rather than fraudulence that caused him to devise and distribute the "Orgone Accumulator," which put him behind federal bars.

It is impossible (for me, at least) to present a coherent description of an incoherent doctrine; but, as simply as possible, Reich felt he had proved the existence of "orgone energy," which is primordial cosmic energy inhabiting every particle in the universe. Orgonomy is the natural science of this energy. In psychiatric therapy Wilhelm Reich believed that by mobilizing the energy in the human organism he could liberate the emotions from their "armoring" and thus establish "orgastic potency."

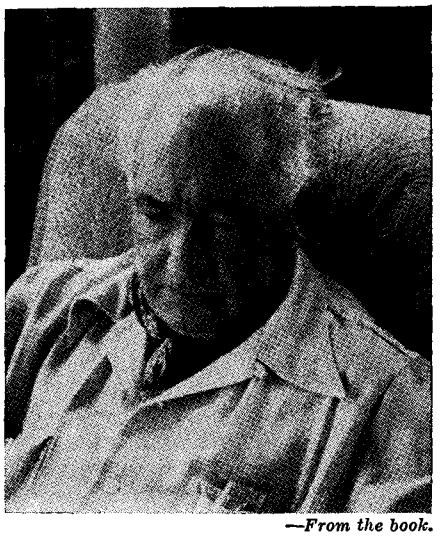
Reich is the "pan-sexualist" that Freud was mistakenly thought to be for many years. Freud's definition of "sex" is too broad for him; he would restrict it to the genital area, and makes the claim that *all* neurosis is the result of orgastic impotence.

If he had stopped here, he might have been given a respectful, if skeptical hearing. But he went on from there to develop "physical orgone therapy," by which cosmic energy concentrated in an "orgone accumulator" was supposed to increase "the natural bioenergetic resistance of the organism against disease." Thus, the claims for cancer cure.

Even here he did not stop. Not content with his lofty (if lonely) eminence in psychiatry and physical medicine, he discovered "bions," which are energy vesicles serving as a link between nonliving and living substances. Here the planets, and the whole cosmos, come into his range, and Reich has an explanation for all the forces of creation, mutation, growth, and destruction. He opposes both the mechanists at the one end of the philosophical spectrum and the mystics at the other. Both science and religion are unable to break out of the traps in their own systems of thought.

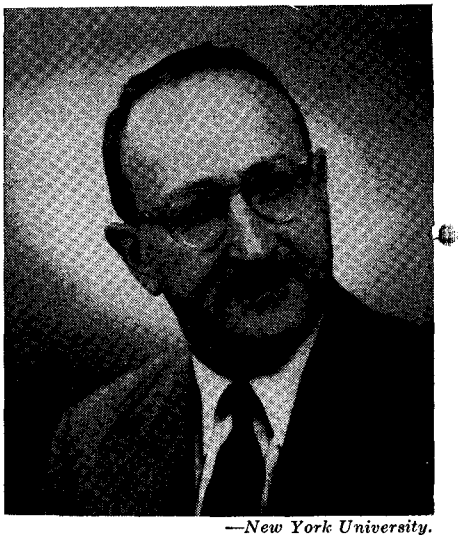
ALL this is presented with a superabundance of "experimental" studies, diagrams, reports of so-called "clinical investigations," and a special vocabulary that requires a glossary. The text itself is heavily imbedded with italicized and capitalized statements, and is totally devoid of any scholarly apparatus.

Doubtless, Reich has seized a piece of the truth by the tail. As Aristotle remarked, the truth is like a barn door: no man can avoid hitting it, but no man can hit all of it. It was Reich's tragedy that he was not content with his early superb studies in character analysis; in him, the natural desire to find God became perverted into something very like the delusion that he had grasped the mystery of the universe and revealed it to be nothing more than a cosmic orgasm.



—From the book.

Wilhelm Reich — "has seized a piece of the truth by the tail."



—New York University.

Sidney Hook — "machines get more and more clever."

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Anatomy and the Psyche

"Dimensions of Mind," edited by Sidney Hook *(New York University Press. 281 pp. $5), explores the relation between body and thought and considers, among other questions, that of a conscious machine. Thomas S. Hall is dean of the College at Washington University in St. Louis.*

By Thomas Hall

TO MIX in one book the talents of a Sidney Hook, a Percy Bridgman, a Norbert Wiener, and a J. B. Rhine was an advance guarantee of intellectual excitement, especially when one asked them whether machines could be conscious and similarly provocative questions. The symposium which they (and twenty-nine other talented logicians, philosophers, and psychologists)* attended at New York University last year had its origins in events that occurred long before.

It all started when primitive people began to understand that whatever is meant by "mind" is confined to a special class of objects—namely, animate objects or perhaps just one class of animate objects, *viz.*, men. Before that, "mind" had been liberally ascribed to all sorts of living and nonliving things: birds, brooks, and trees (and graven images thereof), dead ancestors, sacred cows, and so on and on.

The confinement of mind to a special and limited class set off a debate that has continued for millennia—and is not settled by this book—concerning the nature of the relations between the mind and the body (the "mind-body" problem). Some think that mind is all there is in this world; whatever else seems to exist is only the mind's invention. Others think mind doesn't exist at all—except as one of the body's physiochemical processes.

The classical view, of course, is the dualistic view, which accepts both mind and body, and argues about their connections. Do mind and body exist separately and independently, interacting only under proper conditions? Or is mind, while separate, dependent—serving only to mirror the acts of the body, especially its acts of perception? Or is mind merely an activity of cells—perhaps that very same activity which we detect when we measure the changing electrical states of the brain?

The last view ("identity theory") attracts several of the NYU symposiasts, especially Professors Feigl and Pepper. But, since their fellow authors are not in agreement on this point, the whole question is left up in the air.

Meanwhile, the last few decades have added an angle to this venerable problem. Machines are now being built that simulate increasingly suggestively the subtle acts of man's brain. At the New York University symposium this subject was given an exciting exposition by Professor Scriven of Swarthmore. He asks how difficult it would be to build machines (one already exists that can play a good game of checkers) that could perform such androidological acts as to predict, choose, create, discover, learn, understand, interpret, translate [see *SR*, Aug. 13], abstract, lie, feel, and communicate.

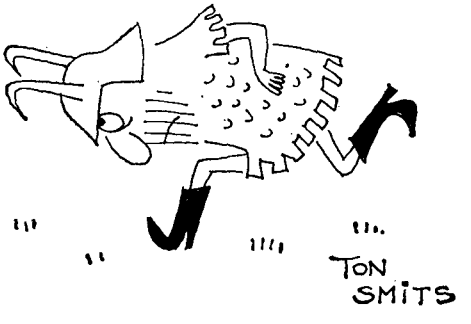
To cite the possibilities in just one of these categories, Scriven suspects critics may one day find it harder to decide whether a poem was written by a machine than whether an abstraction was painted by a chimpanzee.

The basic question, of course, is whether, as machines get more and more clever, the presumption of an independent mind in man gets less and less tenable. If so, we may end up with mind as a physiological process possessing grandiose delusions about itself. The telling blow would be to build a conscious machine. But as symposiast Danto points out, if you did that you could never be sure you'd succeeded. (If the machine told you it was conscious it might be lying, or misunderstanding your question.) Hence, this question, too, is left unresolved while we turn to another and final problem.

Professor Toulmin of Leeds sets the stage for the concluding act by sending up a large and superficially attractive theoretical balloon. This is promptly shot at by his fellow discussants and soon collapses in a heap. Toulmin's theory is that when the mind forms ideas it does so in stages or steps—in levels of logical complication. Much philosophic dispute, he believes, comes about because the disputants use concepts developed to different logical levels. The charm of this closing section of the book lies in the aplomb with which Toulmin's critics destroy him. Is there really an essential sequence in which ideas evolve? Are we thinking of the phylogeny (slow, centuries-long evolution) of ideas, or their ontogeny (their quick evolution within an individual mind)? Anyhow, when is one idea logically simpler than another? As as illustration of restrained and polished demolition Ernest Nagel's three-page critique of Toulmin is exemplary.

In the literature of science as such, an exercise like that just described would simply never have been published. The theorist would have preferred to test his idea in his lab before subjecting it to so hostile an exposure. But perhaps we discover here a difference between science and philosophy (where half the fun is the fight).

Shortly after reading "Dimensions of Mind" (twice, for one must to master its substance), the reviewer was motoring with friends on a toll road in southern New England. The group was debating Professor Scriven's proposal to build a machine that had feeling. As we dropped a coin into the hopper at a toll gate, a neon sign automatically flashed back the words "thank you." With a distinctly eery, yet perhaps purely mechanical sensation, we drove on through the gathering dusk.



*Wolfgang Köhler, Herbert Feigl, Stephen Pepper, Richard B. Brandt, Elmer Sprague, J. B. Rhine, H. H. Price, Curt Ducasse, P. W. Bridgman, Abraham Edel, Howard W. Hintz, Norbert Wiener, Roy Lachman, R. M. Martin, Paul Weiss, Fritz Heider, Sidney Hook, Stephen Toulmin, B. F. Skinner, Ernest Nagel, N. R. Hanson, Sidney Morganbesser, H. Van R. Wilson, Gertrude Ezorsky, and Raziel Abelson, Arthur C. Danto, H. Putnam, Michael Scriven, Stephen Toulmin, S. Watanabe.

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What's Wrong with the American Novel?

GOOD FICTION has no standard operating parts or mechanisms. The moment a critic draws up a prescription for a good novel, someone is likely to produce a work of fiction demonstrating the opposite to be true. Scratch a major novelist and you find someone who has violated the rules.

This is by way of preface to an attempt to speculate on what's wrong with the current American novel. We accept at once the fact that the faults we are about to detail will also be said to exist in any number of highly regarded novels, including those of classical stature. We also anticipate and agree with the observation that counter-generalizations may be just as persuasive.

Having said this, we proceed at once to our main point. The trouble with too many contemporary novels, it seems to us, is that they are full of people not worth knowing. The characters slide in and out of the mind with hardly a ripple. They levy no tax on the memory; they make little claim on the connecting power of identification. They are always out in front of you, seldom inside you. When they suffer, you find yourself uncommitted and unengaged. Their triumphs, such as they are, offer no occasion for quiet elation or personal grandeur. They experiment with life rather than live it. They have a passion for puniness. They make only the skimpiest contribution to an understanding of the human situation. They are incapable of supporting an epic theme. They leave you cold.

This does not mean that the novels are poorly written. The surprising thing is to find how adroit and readable these novels can be without ever bringing a human creature to life, or investing him with qualities that produce in the reader what James called the emotion of recognition. Indeed, the very skill of the novelist in moving his people around and placing them in hypertensive relationships actually serves to call attention to his failure to create people for whom the reader has a genuine concern. Fiction, said Conrad, is human history or it is nothing. We have seen little human history between recent book covers.

Is it unfair to ask if there are any women in recent fiction who are even remotely close to the developed characters of Flaubert's Emma Bovary or Conrad's Flora de Barral or Tolstoy's Anna Karenina? Or men like Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov or Balzac's Père Goriot? People like these are not created every day, true; and it may be that they attain full growth not during years but over decades. Even allowing for the pituitaries of time, however, the candidates do not crowd any lists.

THE world will forgive a great deal of a novelist if only he can create people. Sinclair Lewis, reread today, seems curiously unfinished and lacking in literary grace; but he could create people who lived with you permanently as part of your personal circle. True, some of his characters were exhibited rather than revealed; Lewis poked at them and they went through their paces, to be mocked at or scorned. Some of them never got out of their display case. But a fair number of them made their way into the literary memory. Steinbeck not infrequently seemed to take advantage of his characters, overworking them to the point where they had good cause for complaint. But Steinbeck's people were full-bodied and you seldom forgot them. Generally, you stayed with the novel not just to learn how the story came out but to find out what happened to the people. Sherwood Anderson took care of his characters and his plots took care of themselves. And Camus, concerned though he was with ideas, knew that they could not exist independently of real people.

We hazard the guess that the reason William Faulkner is more celebrated than read is that he is a master of mood rather than of people. It is doubtful whether any novelist in the past half-century has achieved so high a reputation while attracting so small an audience. This by itself is no criticism of a writer. Even if only a thousand readers knew all his works intimately, this would not deprive Faulkner of literary skill or standing. But it may be proper nonetheless to suggest that Faulkner's failure to take hold with a substantial number of readers, as many of his eminent contemporaries have done, may be related somehow to the submerged and shadowy qualities of many of his people. They seem strongly subordinated to the effluvium out of which they slowly rise. The result may be literary majesty but it is not necessarily literary power.

ON the other hand, Hemingway is nothing if not people. He doesn't spend too much time describing them; he has a way of allowing the deed to speak for the word. The Old Man, like Captain Ahab and Captain Whalley, takes shape in his encounter with the sea. The seams in his face were not put there by the author but by the man himself in the act of living. And what is most significant about characters like the Old Man is that we pay attention to them and feel that their longings or struggles speak to our own purposes or needs.

Too many of the current novels put situations ahead of people. It is felt, apparently, that characters exist for the purpose of accommodating a plot, minimizing the human potential, and demonstrating the limitless possibilities of personal shrinkage. This is not the way to write good novels, much less great ones. There is nothing wrong with the audience; it is not true that people find the real world so dramatic that they can see no excitement in the products of a writer's imagination. Give readers a book with people they care about and they will queue up to shake the author's hand. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHECKS FOR CHESS

A CONTRIBUTION to the Olympic Chess Fund is the most concrete way I know to express my appreciation to *SR* for its chess column. Good luck in your efforts to send an American team to Leipzig.

RONALD D. MENZEL.

Adelphi, Md.

I AM A chess player. Except I'm not very good because I'm only 6 years old. The only one I can beat is my brother who is only 4 years old. I think that it's a very good idea to send Americans to the Chess Olympics. Here is 1 dollar.

ELIZABETH MAY.

Bloomfield, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Contributions to the Olympic Chess Fund were still arriving at the SR office as this issue went to press. Results will be announced in a forthcoming issue.*

ACCURATE PORTRAIT?

KATHARINE KUH'S article about Grandma Moses, "Portrait of the Artist as a Centenarian" [*SR*, Sept. 10], makes an honest and interesting appraisal of this "favorite painter."

EMILY SCHULTZ.

Diamond, Mo.

WHY SELECT a charming centenarian for attack when there are Klees and Kandinskys and a whole tribe of daubers fleecing the public? I disagree with Miss Kuh that it is "simple innocence that appeals to a generation surfeited with high-pressure tensions." It is more likely high-pressure advertising.

ARTHUR D'AMATO.

San Diego, Calif.

I THOUGHT I was going to read a pleasant greeting to Grandma Moses on her hundredth birthday.

I must protest Miss Kuh's attitude. It is obvious that Grandma Moses is no Leonardo, but then no one expects her to be. I am quite certain that many Americans see in her a respect for values, spiritual if you like, which seem to be fast disappearing from the American scene—and which *SR*, at its best, often reflects. Miss Kuh might just as well have written an article on the late Willa Cather, criticizing her for not being Dostoevsky.

STEPHEN MORRIS.

San Pablo, Calif.

DOESN'T Katharine Kuh respect old age?

P. W. URBAN.

Cleveland, O.

DID THE BEST MEN WIN?

PERHAPS IT IS not too much to hope that Elmo Roper's editorial "What Price Conventions?" [*SR*, Sept. 3] will be the last of the current crop of "disillusionment" pieces on the late national conventions. Mr. Roper's reaction of moral outrage against the goings-on at these political gatherings has been widely shared by his journalistic colleagues of the perpetually disgruntled right whose columns dominate the editorial pages of most of our daily newspapers. My own reaction to these outcries of protest has been uniform: I marvel that these professional informers of public opinion ever entertained their particular illusions in the first place. By what reading of history does Mr. Roper arrive at the conclusion that political conventions or caucases have ever failed to select their candidates on the expedient basis of popularity with the largest possible number of voters?

JERRY D. ROSE.

Weatherford, Okla.

SINCE AT LEAST the time of Athenian democracy, it has been doubtful whether popular elections can put the best men into office. But the American tradition has never been to promote good government at the expense of self-government.

Maybe, Mr. Roper suggests, the conventions should be replaced by national primaries. In 1960, however, more clearly than in any recent Presidential election year, it appears that the candidates who would have won such primaries are the very ones who were nominated at the conventions.

A. F. R. BROWN.

Washington, D. C.

ELMO ROPER overlooks the fact that the criteria for judging political conventions should be the final results, which are the adopted platforms and the nominated candidates.

MARY M. SHAFFER.

Mercersburg, Pa.

"Things are looking up. Elvis Presley's picture has come down and Dag Hammarskjold's has gone up!"

NUMBER, PLEASE?

MARTIN TUCKER'S review of "The Inhabitants," by Julius Horwitz [*SR*, Sept. 10], begins by calling the book a second novel and ends with the sentence "It is an extremely impressive first novel." I suspect the first sentence is wrong. First novels are almost always called "impressive," second novels almost never.

CAROLYN LOCKWOOD.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"The Inhabitants" is indeed Mr. Horwitz's first novel, but his second book of fiction (the first was a collection of short stories).*

GUEST LIST

OSCAR CARGILL'S review of Walter Slatoff's "Quest for Failure" [*SR*, Sept. 3] begins with the sentence ". . . William Faulkner has created few, if any, characters that a man of taste would care to associate with, or still less invite into his home. . . ."

May I suggest that not a few of Faulkner's Negroes are noble enough for the honor of this invitation, and I know of no character in American literature with whom it would be more pleasant to spend an evening than Ratliff from the Snopes trilogy.

RICHARD J. STONESIFER.

Lancaster, Pa.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

No "Fille" like an Old "Fille"

NOW WE know what the British mean by "jolly good." They mean something not only as good but also as jolly as Frederick Ashton's recreation of "La Fille Mal Gardée," long celebrated as the oldest ballet in the repertory and now qualified as the youngest success in the repertory of the Royal Ballet. It was launched on waves of applause, which is not exceptional for a good ballet, but also on ripples of laughter, which is exceptional even for a jolly one.

Taken altogether, it marks the most expert effort yet of this company to make a masterpiece of a classic—and, to take it all together, one must include not only Ashton's facetious, funny, frequently fascinating transformation of the Dauberval milestone into a choreographic pacemaker, but also the humorful decor of Osbert Lancaster and the deft work of conductor John Lanchbery with Ferdinand Hérold's score. What emerges is theatrical artistry to match such gay and durable delights of the past as Massine's "Gaité Parisienne," Fokine's "Coq d'Or," Tudor's "Gala Performance," and Ashton's own "Façade."

One might conclude from the foregoing that all the finely chosen cast of Nadia Nerina (Lise), David Blair (Colas), Stanley Holden (the Widow), Alexander Grant (Alain), and Leslie Edwards (Thomas) had to do was to go on stage and perform. It wasn't as simple as that—but it is a fair surmise that it was a comparative romp for them to work out the action to Ashton's satisfaction. For his "Fille Mal Gardée" belongs to the select company of thoroughly inspired works in which the storytelling is always amusing, and the dance sequences are straight to the narrative point. A rustic atmosphere is preserved despite the stream of sophisticated comment on traditional dance routines, the romantic touch is always touching as well as romantic, and nothing is overdone or drawn out in the two acts which make a more generously amusing evening for being comparatively brief.

There have been productions of "La Fille" in relatively recent times here by Mordkin and Nijinska (with Lucia Chase, Karen Conrad, Patricia Bowman and Irina Baronova among others), but they compare with this one as a high school production of "Troilus and Cressida" resembles Tyrone Guthrie's. The artistry, of course, is not in what, but how: in the overlay of fantasy and imagination which Ashton and his associates have put upon the familiar bucolic triangle of poor girl, poor boy, and unwanted rich boy. Nothing ever happens quite the way one anticipates, from the opening barnyard chorale of four hens and a rooster, to the curtain "line" (à la "Rosenkavalier") in which the rich boy gets the last laugh if not the girl.

Withal, the spirit of the original is never abused, merely manipulated. The four hens and their rooster wander in and out of the first act wherever a kind of poultry refrain is hatchable, but Ashton has both the resource and the taste to leave them out of Act II. When Lise enters to perform her character-defining first solo, Lanchbery knows just how to underscore a timely allusion to "Ecco ridente" from Rossini's "Barbiere," which was a kind of period joke in the revised version of 1828. What Alain might have been then, nobody less than 130 could pretend to know, but Ashton makes him into a Stan Laurelish figure who is appealing even when foolish.

As for Nerina and Blair, Ashton has worked them so well into his scheme that they are likely to have a kind of career problem from now on—how to top their efforts as the youthful lovers in this fun-spotted romance. To speak of Nerina as bewitching is to use a common word in an uncommon way: for the witchery is not so much in glance or gesture or bodily discipline as in the brief floor contacts she requires to keep in the air most of the time. She is best served by assets not often so well cultivated by ballerinas—expressive feet, which, from ankles to toes, manage to convey elation, dejection, or resolution. Such a delightful detail as the adagio she does with Blair supporting her across a transom is a *danse en l'air* which might well be a hangman's noose for one less adept.

Blair has some opportunities for eye-catching execution (including a series of spins in the second act which had the audience gasping), but Colas marks the full-grown fulfillment of the youthful promise he showed as a character dancer in the "Pineapple Poll" of ten years ago. He is not only agile but strong: a dancer of romantic appeal who can clown persuasively, and a partner both personable and helpful.

Thanks to Ashton's broadly conceived characterizations, there was as much responsibility, and honor, for the other performers, beginning with Stanley Holden's perfectly tuned treatment of the Widow Simone. This is a part that Ashton doubtless conceived out of love for the opportunities it could have provided for himself in his dancing days. As the lineal descendant of the Ugly Sister he performed in "Cinderella," it is quirky, grotesque, yet endearing. Holden realized "her" to near perfection, whether shooing suitors away from Lise like flies from honey, or dancing a hilarious clog with a group of diverted farm girls. Grant, too, has the kind of robust skill to make the technical points in a mock classic variation while displacing the weight of buffoonery to balance the romantic scales. In short, "La Fille" makes a high art of clowning, especially as commentary on ballets which take themselves too seriously.

It is also, in its demands on characterization, proficiency, and balance, a parade in strength, a company charge which reduces all resistance. Taking their place in the march-by are such veteran commanders as General Merriment, General Consternation, General Dismay, and General Rejoicing. But, of course, in the end the day is carried by General Dancing.

Later in the week Nerina changed her mood from pastorale to passionate as Odette-Odile in "Swan Lake." What she produced was no mere study in adaptability, but a complete transformation of personality. Her fine command of the role's technical detail was soon recognizable for what it is—a solid foundation to a character study both adroit and carefully drawn. Rather than being penalized by her compact frame, Miss Nerina makes it an element of advantage in realizing her dramatic objective. And Blair effected a comparable transformation as her partner.

Another youthful Swan in the week's sequence was Svetlana Beriosova. As yet this is more dance than characterization, a succession of powerful poses, eye-catching leaps, and languorous lines to which the darting, preening actions of the Swan are still mostly exterior. Lacking are values that only time can add. Donald Macleary showed much promise as the Prince, as Ronald Hynd did in a "Sleeping Beauty" for which Anya Linden was a youthfully accomplished Aurora. The last was directed with authority and verve by Arthur Lief, a pair of virtues sometimes foiled by inept brass playing. This orchestra, on the whole, is a good deal less than this fine company merits.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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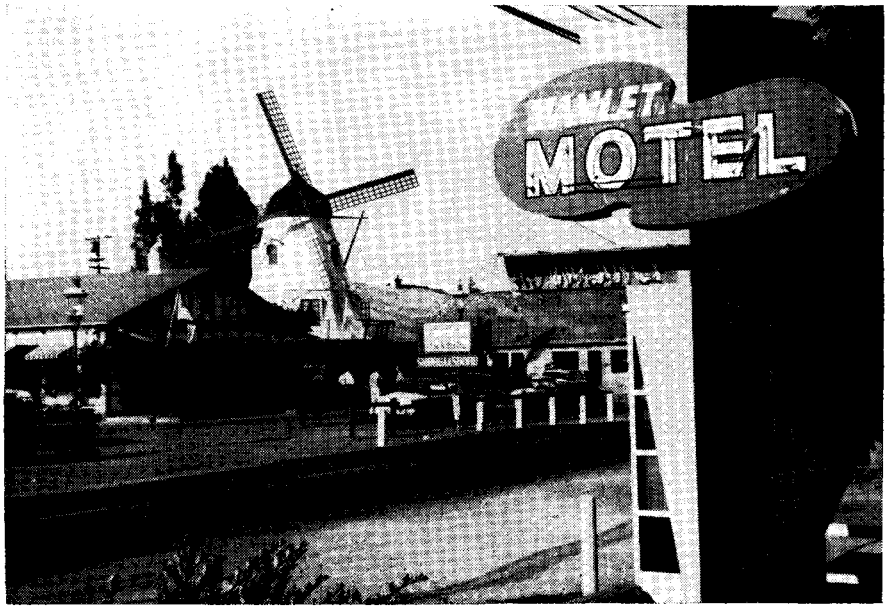
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Displaced Danes



—*Photos by H.S.*

Copenhagen in California—Hamlet Motel, left, faces Danish windmill atop Solvang restaurant. Shops, above, are covered with fake thatch, fly the Danish flag.

NOW THAT all the boys and girls are back at school writing compositions entitled "How I Spent My Summer," I would like to submit a short paper on a tour through a portion of what I shall call California. Sitting there in Monterey one chilly, foggy morning, with south as my determined direction, I had a choice of skittering along U. S. 1, the coast road that runs past Big Sur, and stopping in to see the Hearst Castle Historical Monument at San Simeon, or running the inside road to get to Solvang before dusk. Solvang is a Danish community that got displaced in Southern California, and as I weighed an afternoon among the ponderous artifacts against the prospect of open sandwiches and a pint of Tuborg, my course became obvious. I pointed the nose of my runabout, leased from the Avis stables in Monterey, toward Salinas and Route 101. The Danes waited at the other end.

You get into Danish country at Buellton, a settlement whose claim to immortality rests largely with the circumstance that it is the home of Andersen's Split Pea, a temple devoted to the culture and worship of split pea soup. In a part of the country where devotions take many strange forms, Andersen's object of idolatry does not turn a hair. Mr. Robert T. Andersen, otherwise known as Peasoup Andersen —I presume the nickname has elided into a single word—is no relation to Hans Christian, but what with the nearness to Solvang, which is just nine miles up the road, Peasoup has been inspired to build a Hans Christian Andersen Bar, to offer free Danish fruit wine in the cellars downstairs and free coffee and Danish cookies in the souvenir shop upstairs. Elsewhere, Andersen's sells 2,200 lunches a day in summer, Swedish glass, Danish teak, Royal Copenhagen and Bing and Grøndahl porcelain, and endless bowls of split pea soup.

TURNING off Route 101 at pea soup heaven will bring anyone straight into Solvang, which, as I say, is sort of a Denmark-at-the-doorstep. Many of the homes and stores are covered with fake thatch on the rooftops with cross-hatching called crow's trees at the apex, which Danes erect to hold the straw. Some fanciful types have put up storks' nests and even wooden storks, for it is an event of the Danish summer when the storks come up from Egypt for the season. Any storks putting in here would be utterly confounded by the familiar Danish homes alongside the familiar Egyptian palm trees growing in California. Nobody has as yet tried to introduce so authentic a note as real storks, but there is within the confines of the city a Hamlet Motel, a Copenhagen Square, a Little Mermaid Restaurant, and any number of dens that distribute Danish pastry. There is no use telling anyone that Danes don't call Danish pastry anything but Vienna bread, for the tourists swarm into Birkholm's bakery, officially known as the Dansk Bageri Konditori og Cafe, a place suitably decorated with a gold pretzel topped with a crown, and emerge laden with Danish gems hot out of the oven. Turning out a steady flow of *rugbrød, sigtebrød, sandkage*, sheep herder bread, and Danish cookies, both for the community of 2,500 and the stream of rubbernecks, keeps six imported bakers working around the clock. Birkholm, who didn't start kneading dough in Solvang until 1951, is now mentioned as one of the principals in a huge two-million-dollar shopping center which is to be built Danish-style south of the local Copenhagen Square. Among the other progenitors are Kenneth Hansen, who owns the Hollywood Scandia restaurant, and those old Danes, David Hearst and Ralph Edwards. The new center will have twenty-six shops, a motel, and a clutch of apartments circling a swan lake set with Danish statues. A lamplighter in Danish rig will make the rounds each night lighting the lamps, and mail will be delivered twice daily by a postman in a bright red coat, as is the Danish custom. Solvang, yuk, yuk, yuk, this is your life!

Well, until Hollywood arrives in

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force, Solvang has a modest population of 2,500, most of them shopkeepers, and a number of other Danes who live in the Santa Ynez valley, where they operate dairies and ranches. Among the shopkeepers is Esther Laursen, whose restaurant, the Little Mermaid, is named after Copenhagen's famous little statue that rests at the Copenhagen harborside, wistful, bronze, and unclothed. The Little Mermaid of Solvang serves such things as *aebleskiver,* Red Eric, open-faced sandwiches, and Mermaid's Delight. I will take them in order. *Aebleskiver* is a thing of raised dough, which was described to me by a bearded young American of Danish parentage equipped with the stunning Viking handle of Thor Brandt-Erichsen who accompanied me through Solvang as "Danish pancake balls halfway between a pancake and a fritter." They can be served plain, which is the way they do it in the Danish city of Frederikshavn, or stuffed with applesauce or prunes. Red Eric is a Danish beer with roughly the appearance of strawberry soda and is, I judge, named after Eric the Red. It has nothing in common with Berline Weisse, which is a summer beer of Berlin that comes in more shades than nail polish, red and green included. As for open-faced sandwiches, they are, broadly speaking, open-faced sandwiches made by open-faced people. The Danes make them of almost anything that's handy, and one that was openly handed to me one wee hour in a country home on the Danish seacoast a few years ago was made of cold sliced potatoes, laid out in state on a piece of pumpernickel. As for Mermaid's Delight, it is a collection of thin Danish pancakes which are rolled in jelly and decorated with ice cream. Oskar Davidsen's, the world's headquarters of open-faced sandwiches, in Copenhagen, further anoints the whole thing with a dash of *solbaerrom.*

Among the other nostalgic *nourriture* which would delight any passing Danskophile, all available in Solvang, are *kogt fisk,* which is boiled fish, *laks i gele,* or salmon aspic, and *medisterpølse.* The last named is a Danish pork sausage, and rows of it, or them, are lined up like orderly coiled snakes in Hansen's Meat Market, which is located at 1685 Copenhagen Drive. Hansen also prepares *frikadeller,* which are Danish meatballs, and *rullepølse* and *leverpostev,* which, as luncheon meats, are the Spam of Scandinavia.

Solvang, which means Sunny Valley in the mother, or unpronounceable, tongue, got that way because a group of educators came out of the Midwest bent on establishing a Danish folk school. They liked the Santa Ynez Valley, which took its name from the Spanish mission, even though there was little here except the mesa, the mission, and a dirt road. They built a college which they called Atterdag, the nickname of a Danish king who was more properly known as Valdemar. Atterdag means "there's always tomorrow." The school opened in 1911 and functioned until the late 1930s, attracting people of Danish extraction from all over the country. Many of them brought with them their Danish crafts, which as anyone knows are chiefly farming, baking, keeping restaurants, and eating. A summer school was open at Atterdag until the late 1940s, but it has since become a guest house. On the grounds a home for old Danes has been built for those who would live out their days in California comfort and Danish atmosphere. Known as the Solvang Lutheran home, it is divided into apartments variously named Kronborg, Sonerborg, and Rosenborg, all names dear to the Danish heart, and mail is posted in red Danish mailboxes. The Bethania Lutheran Church nearby is finished in the home country style, complete to the stepped façade, and a ship hangs from a ceiling in the home country manner.

THE Solvang Gaard Motel, which was designed by Thor Brandt-Erichsen's late father, a sculptor of some renown, is fashioned like a Viking provincial home, part house and part stable, with the structures enclosing a barnyard. There really is no stable, of course, and for that matter the barnyard is a lovely grass lawn decorated with flowers and laid out during the good months with settees. The Solvang Gaard is located on Elverhoj Way, a name I hadn't heard since my first visit to St. Thomas in the once-Danish Virgin Islands, where it is the name of a popular shop. Elverhoj has to do with elves on a hill. The Hamlet Motel, which is approved by the American Automobile Association, and presumably the Danish Historical Association as well, is just across the street from the Danish Inn where the menu is called a *spisekort* and the *pièces de résistance* are chicken à la Kronborg and Copenhagen steak smothered in sugared brown onions.

The shops downtown have stocks of Royal Copenhagen dishware in those familiar patterns called blue lace, blue flower swirl, and blue flower panel. Wonderful collections of the Bing and Grøndahl annual Christmas plate issue, which have been coming out since around the time of Eric the Red, are displayed on the walls of some of the shops. One set goes clear back to 1895. New artisans like Kirsten Pedersen, who spins the pottery wheel in the Mud Mill Pottery Studio, are creating new Danish American art in the salubrity of the California climate, with the Danish atmosphere floating on the air like the bouquet from a new batch of *aebleskiver.* The signs on the village benches are friendly if you get some one to translate, reading as they do *Sid Ned og Hvil en Stund* (sit down and rest a while) and *Hvile Baenk søg Hvile* (rest bench – find rest here). Even the highway signs are in Danish. "Skole Overgang," which throws most visitors, merely means "school crossing," not "Here's Mud in Your Eye, Everybody."

—HORACE SUTTON.

At Fifty, With Solicitude

By David Cornel DeJong

MODIFY your days, counsels
the experienced brain, and
counteract inventiveness;
with fish-mild eyes I scan
the skies for a bird
of prudential omen
where the mid-life moon
swims as in milk
to coddle ulcers,
and some obscurely
familiar carrion birds
wing away with
immortal pretentions.

You are no longer clean
the cool nerves suggest,
your wrists are ringed
with color-run suggestions,
your elbows scaled,
and round your loins
a demarcation of right
and wrong keeps feebling
like a loathsome beetle,
but stoutly you keep
a cigar pointing across
dreams which never
left pause for tribute.

Take a democratic stance,
see a movie or put
a bet on a horse, when
the moon again spills
a pension of sentiment
and stars dip toward
defections to make
the scene even emptier.
Whoever once tempted
or tampered with my aims
is so long dead; I fumble
in my inner pocket for
an indexed list of names.

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The Many Faces of Sir Laurence

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

NEXT WEEK will provide New Yorkers with one of those rare opportunities, the chance to see one actor in three major roles. And since that actor is one of the greatest—some insist *the* greatest—of our time, the lines are probably forming even now. About "Becket," in which Sir Laurence Olivier opens "live" at the St. James on October 5, Henry Hewes will undoubtedly have a report for *SR* in another week or two. Hollis Alpert, on the following page, describes Olivier's Crassus in "Spartacus"—certainly the finest shading ever accorded a "heavy" in any super-spectacular. More modest in conception, but even more intense in the development, is his re-creation of the harassed Archie Rice in Tony Richardson's film adaptation of **"The Entertainer."** It is a bravura role, a flashy gamut-spanner—and Olivier makes it one of the most exciting things ever put on celluloid.

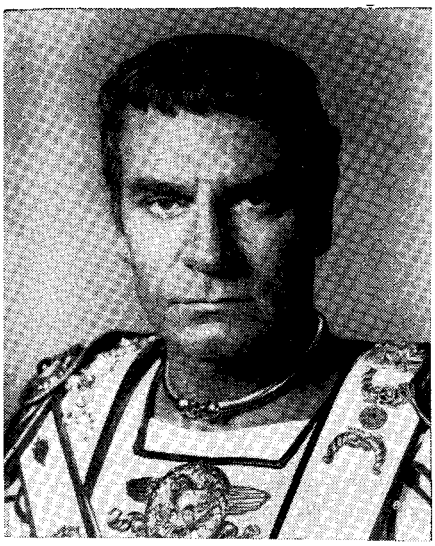
It is an extraordinary experience to see in quick succession these two filmic portraits, one of an ironic Roman patrician, the other of a seedy song-and-dance man with a jaunty grin and the hope of heaven fading from his eyes. John Osborne's play, considerably expanded for the screen, is as bitingly contemptuous of present-day Britain as ever; and Richardson, photographing against the piers and boardwalks of a third-rate seaside resort, and in a succession of shabby music halls, provides natural settings that fully justify Osborne's contempt. A superb supporting cast has been assembled—Brenda de Banzie and Joan Plowright (who appeared with Olivier in the Broadway production), Roger Livesey, and Alan Bates. But at the center, dominating everything, remains Olivier, singing, dancing, joking, quarrelling, and breaking your heart.

"He's a character actor with the face of a leading man," Peter Ustinov once said, when the two of them were working together on "Spartacus." "He sets up the externals of the role he is going to play, whatever it is—the kind of house such a man would live in, the kind of clothes he would wear, that sort of thing—and then he begins to work out the kind of man who would live that way. Also, he has a thing about noses. Along with everything else, he tries to figure out what kind of nose the character would probably have."

It was the nose of a Roman patrician that faced me across the table in the Universal-International commissary, a nose flecked with dried powder while the rest of the face was moist after a long morning of shooting that had not gone well. Olivier had been delivering a harangue in the Roman Senate, and kept muffing his lines so often that the set was finally closed to all visitors. "When I was a kiddy-widdy," he said, a bit ruefully, toying with his salad, "I learned all of Romeo in two days. I can't do that any more. On the stage, however, you have three weeks to learn a role, and in that time it churns over and over in your mind, and then you have it. But when you get a new scene in a script—particularly one with fifty lines and only a few sides—it's a very difficult and trying proposition." (Ustinov had commented, as together we watched the scene being shot, "If it's this hard to remember a scene, it's because there is something wrong with the writing. If it were Shakespeare, Larry would have it cold. This is School of Shakespeare.")

EVEN so, Olivier—or Larry, as he is called on the set (he had the U-I people remove the "Sir" from his dressing-room door)—refuses to use "idiot boards" or other prompting devices. Although someone had helpfully lettered his entire speech onto the scroll he holds before him in the Senate scene, he declined to read from it; and when later he had to feed lines to Charles Laughton from off-camera, he insisted on working from memory. It is less a matter of pride than of the meticulous perfectionism that characterizes everything he does.

Despite its generous rewards, Olivier ranks film acting at the bottom of the list of ways he would choose to make a living—unless he can produce and direct as well. "Film is the director's medium," he says. "Theatre is the actor's medium." He finds it impossible both to direct and act in a picture unless it is the film version of a play he has worked over and performed so many times that he knows the characterization thoroughly. "I didn't begin filming 'Hamlet,'" he said, "until I thought I had an angle, a point of view to present it from. I've just spent nine months working out a film adaptation of 'Macbeth'—and I'm almost relieved that I can't get the financing for it. It will give me more time to think, to see it with a fresh eye. What is your distance on the 'Tomorrow and tomorrow' speech, for example? How close do you hold your camera? How much air do you permit at the sides? How much movement can you have without drawing attention away from the important thing, the words? Can you cut without



Sir Laurence Olivier in "Spartacus" and "The Entertainer" —"a character actor with the face of a leading man."

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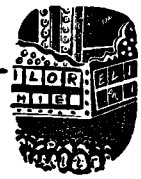
creating distractions, and at what point do you make your cut? These are things that have to be thought out by the director. The characterization then becomes supplementary."

Of his role in "Spartacus," Olivier declared, "I play it head on. I have to, because the script keeps changing, and you can't know what the whole is going to be until the picture is finally edited together. And so you attack each scene as best you can, with the knowledge of your role as worked out between you and the director, and simply hope for the best." (Archie, by way of contrast, might be said to have been played "on the angle," with little wiggles of the eyebrows accompanying the bad jokes, a manner at once aggressive and apologetic, and a sadness in the eyes that negates every leer and jocular flip of the wrist. But then, Olivier *knew* Archie pretty thoroughly after three months on Broadway, and in London's West End before that.)

TURNING to the theatre, Olivier warmed to his subject. "For me, the most satisfactory thing in the world," he said, "is bringing together an acting company, such as we had in the Old Vic. Then actors can grow used to playing together, and achieve a unity of style. After two years of learning one another's actions and reactions, then comes the possibility of memorable theatre. It can be strenuous, though. The strain of putting on Shakespeare night after night is enormous, and those days when there is a matinee and an evening performance are sheer cruelty to animals. I've always wished that we could copy the opera houses, where one opera is given in the afternoon, and another, with a different cast, in the evening. Of course, theoretically, we can do that in a repertory company. But when we brought the Old Vic to New York, it turned out that only those with the smallest roles received any of the benefits. The stars had to be there for every performance."

Olivier leaned back in his chair, the scarlet robe and white leather doublet of his costume a splash of splendor amidst the scurrying blue-jeaned girls and the tanned television cowboys who dominated the room. He cocked his eye at them ironically, then shook his head. "I guess I shouldn't do that," he smiled. "You know, I was thinking of 'The Entertainer.' When we went to Broadway, Osborne inserted in the opening night playbill a notice to the effect that 'This is my best play. The critics are cretins,' etc. His sense of public relations is even worse than mine."



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Day of the Gladiator

ANCIENT Rome has always awed film-makers; merely mention a story involving that time and setting and the studios immediately envisage a production at least twice as long as the average and several times as expensive. The case of **"Spartacus"** is no exception. Figures that I take to be authentic place its cost at $12,000,000, its number of shooting days at 167, and its employment of people at approximately 10,500. Of the latter figure, 8,000 represent a portion of the Spanish Army, recruited to perform some impressive Roman battle maneuvers on the plains of Spain. With that exception, the three-hour-and-fifteen-minute movie was made in Hollywood under the supervision of Kirk Douglas, who also stars as Spartacus.

The film differs from the usual Romanesque type in that it is free of Christian martyrs being eaten by lions, has no chariot races, lacks the customary orgies in which dusky, semi-nude girls cram grapes into their mouths as fat Roman nobles eye them lasciviously. The existence of a Spartacus seems historically certain. He did lead a revolt of the gladiators several decades before Anno Domini, gathered an army of slaves, and held off the Roman legions for four years before the slave army was destroyed and several thousand of its members crucified. Spartacus then disappears into myth. No one knows whether he was killed, captured, or crucified. Even Howard Fast, who wrote the novel on which the film is based, doesn't tell us for sure.

The movie is more specific. Spartacus comes to his bitter end, but not before escape from the land of enslavement is almost at hand. Meanwhile, it is an opulent story that the movie tells, and it is further enriched by another rarity in the genre: good acting. Laurence Olivier has the meaty role of Marcus Crassus, the Roman general who finally cornered Spartacus and thus saved his country for its eventual decline and fall. Peter Ustinov has fine, often humorous moments as Batiatus, a chap who runs a school for gladiators and who, for an exorbitant fee, will provide a private combat to the death in his own arena. Charles Laughton, in full toga as a Roman politician, is wondrous to behold. When these people get together you can be sure that some old-fashioned eloquence will result. It does.

Kirk Douglas, on the other hand, while seen a great deal, has less to say. He is stalwart, looks well hardened from his battle for survival, and develops fitting humanity as leader of the slaves, whose freedom he is attempting to gain. Time out is saved for romance with Varinia (Jean Simmons), a slave girl, but even here there is remarkably little talking. It comes as something of a shock, then, when Spartacus finally speaks out for freedom and makes the point that it is worth fighting for. This doctrine was undoubtedly subversive at the time, even if it does seem like a truism now. But that is the message of the picture, and Spartacus is stuck with it.

Mr. Douglas, however, has been boldest of all in the apportioning of the credits. The screenplay was by Dalton Trumbo, one of the Hollywood writers who is not supposed to work, according to present-day Hollywood practice, except under pseudonym. Mr. Trumbo's name appears on the credits large and clear. I, personally, have no objections, since the script appears to be well managed, competently written, and develops not only full-blooded characters but some interesting action as well. Let those who wish to sulk about it do so; but Mr. Trumbo has contributed considerably to a far above average spectacle.

A help, too, is the sharp direction of Stanley Kubrick, who evidently doesn't believe in relaxing his vigilant camera, even when he has more than three hours in which to dawdle. If occasionally he indulges in the kind of shock that has become customary in the form, at least he does it inventively. An overly brutal guard in the gladiator school is drowned in a bowl of hot, thick soup, a hand is severed clean off during a moment of battle. For the most part, though, he is concerned with story essentials, and usually manages to avoid the cliché when he chooses the perspective from which to view a scene. One outstanding moment is that in which the homosexuality of Crassus becomes clear; another occurs when Varinia is given to Spartacus in his cell. The cruelty involved in the training of gladiators is stressed more through vivid glimpses of the training methods than through bloody combat. Here the editing of Robert Lawrence adds to the effectiveness. All in all, Mr. Douglas and company have managed to breathe new life into ancient Rome.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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USA

Are All Men Created Equal?

"Discrimination, 1960," by Jacob K. Javits *(Harcourt, Brace. 310 pp. $4.95), analyzes the cause and cure of the many varieties of intergroup practices that threaten the peace and security of our country. The Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., is the author of, among other books, "The Race Question and the Negro."*

By John LaFarge

IN NEW YORK STATE today, according to the New York State Commission Against Discrimination in a recent report, almost no employer will admit to discriminatory preferences or practices. The change in the climate of opinion has brought about a virtual unanimity on the subject of racial prejudice. In greatly varying degrees, the same verbal unanimity is true for a large section of the country at large. But sentiment is one thing, and reasoned practice is another. Racial and other forms of discrimination cover so many areas in our public life that any consistent policy needs to be armed with the facts as they are today, and with some knowledge as to what the past has tried and achieved in order to combat this particular evil. Indeed the battle against discrimination in public life acts as a catalyst, opening up ever wider questions of political structure and personal ethics.

Since Senator Javits is nationally known as an American political figure who is proud of his record as opposing every form of discrimination—at home and in the nation at large—it is natural enough that he should have gone to particular pains to collect, digest, and present in workable form the main facts as well as the pertinent political principles. Such facts and principles are necessary for any current or impending legislation.

Ruefully, the Senator surveys the tangled story of the Eighty-sixth Congress. The civil rights dispute ended not in an impressive bang, but in a carefully contrived whimper. Yet the civil rights showdown is only deferred. Those who take part in it, legislators and public alike, will need an armory of knowledge for any intelligent action.

As a legislator the Senator naturally insists upon the constructive function of law: "carefully formulated legislation on the federal, state and municipal levels directed toward making equal rights and equal opportunities ultimate realities." To the objection of Thomas Henry Buckle, the English historian, that "to seek to change opinions by law is worse than futile," the Senator replies that "this approach ignores the fact that law itself can teach." The history of well-administered antidiscrimination legislation confirms this conclusion.

It seems a pity, in the face of the present frantic world situation, that in civilized communities so much has to be said and written on behalf of normal human relations. We know only too well the distrust and even hatred that our home-grown racial disorders have created abroad. Yet Mr. Javits is hopeful that the world will judge us "by our genuine abhorrence of bigots and bigotry," and will give "due credit to our national efforts to correct the wrongs of discrimination and segregation."

The growth of slums and of panic real estate selling has brought many of these problems to a very sharp point, that of resistance and organized alarm in the face of minority families seeking better homes. "A whole sad mythology has developed around the subject of minority occupancy," says Javits. "The contention that values will depreciate is so widespread and well established that it amounts to an article of faith. Yet there is a wealth of scientific evidence to refute that conclusion." The facts and the record need to be carefully studied, not just by experts, but by the average intelligent citizen. Hence the practical value of Mr. Javits's very comprehensive treatise, organized on the basis of the great wealth of existing material, and brought strictly up to date.

ON the question of voting the Senator is naturally explicit:

> No society can hope to remain strong enough to sustain democratic institutions for long when only one out of every twenty of a group of its citizens can go freely to the polls. Instead of allowing discrimination to limit the size of our electorate, we must see that every citizen has the maximum opportunity to back the candidate of his choice at the polls, as well as the freedom to develop his

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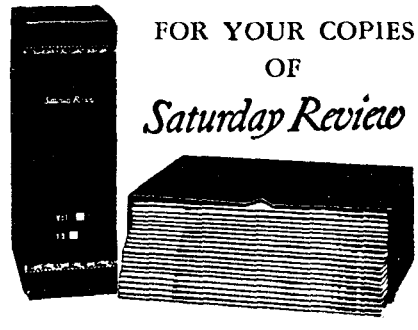

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talents and, through education, to train for, and work at, the kind of job for which he is best suited by his skills.

Despite the turmoil and the clamor, the Senator is hopeful of the future, and is convinced that distinctions of race, religion, and national origin will become less and less important in our political life. Javits is a Republican politician, which might seem to slant his argument toward his own party. But a notable feature of the present electoral campaign is the substantial agreement of both major contestants as to the wrongness and harmfulness of every form of discrimination, racial or otherwise, in public life. The dispute turns chiefly on questions of motive, sincerity, and effectiveness. A Democrat can read Senator Javits's book as St. Jerome would say, "without stumbling." And any wise man, Republican or Democrat, will remember that the removal of discrimination is only a preliminary to true integration, to learning to live and work together in mutual love and esteem.

Myrtle and Magnolia

"The Southerner as American," edited by Charles Greer Sellers, Jr. *(University of North Carolina Press. 202 pp. $5), searches the soul south of the Mason-Dixon line. Jonathan Daniels, who is the editor of the Raleigh [N.C.] News and Observer, has written many books, of which "Prince of Carpetbaggers," is the most recent.*

By Jonathan Daniels

I AM SURE that this book about Southerners as Americans was written with something of the kindly magnanimity that General Grant felt when he allowed the Rebs to ride their bonebag horses home. It is a gentle, informed, scholarly book by nine Southerners, both white and Negro, and its stated purpose is to help Southerners understand their Southernism, evidently as a basis for qualifying as Americans.

Certainly a good many Southerners could profit by that. Some Americans, indeed, might profit by a book written after this fashion about Americans as Americans. We might even profit from books about Yankees as Americans, or Westerners as Americans. This whole country and every region in it has sometimes slipped beyond or around the truth to reach appealing generalizations about themselves. And perhaps at home and abroad the defeated are always those who most seek their history with myrtle and magnolia.

Of course, the South has been plagued by its sins and follies, notably those around and deriving from its "peculiar institution," which sometimes today seems more peculiar than ever. There are excellent essays in this book on Southern history, slavery, Dixie militancy, Reconstruction, politics, and literature. They disclose some good new students of the South. But, before it appeared, in hardly any other area had the good and bad aspects of its regionalism been so thoroughly probed as in the South.

I set down as more than a quibble my dissent from the statement of Dr. John Hope Franklin in the take-off essay that "historical scholarship has reached a maturity and a respectability that give its findings greater credence and wider acceptance than at any previous period." This book is announced as a cause book. Its purpose is not so much history as persuasion. And that attaches it to the very faults in the writing of Southern history against which it protests. I doubt that the older historians indulged in any greater fantasy than this declaration of absolute confidence in the full maturity of scholarship today. We have still much to learn. Even now the truth can be as hard to catch as a greased pig at a Georgia County Fair.

Still maybe lingering legends require such recurrent belaboring as is given the Southern legend here. Not much factual information is provided in this book that literate Southerners did not already know. And the simplest Southerners have always laughed at the more pompous pretentions among them. They do still—and in that fact I think lies their inescapable Americanism despite scholars new or old, those mourning for the past that never was or those asking for a realism about their homeland which never existed in any homeland anywhere.

There is sound scholarship in this book, good taste, and good will, but its communication is to the already converted.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS:

1. "How Annandale Went Out," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. 2. "Absalom and Achitophel," by John Dryden. 3. "Ode to the West Wind," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. 4. The Book of Ecclesiastes. 5. "To Think of Time," by Walt Whitman. 6. "The Tempest," by William Shakespeare. 7. "The Song of the Chattahoochee," by Sidney Lanier. 8. "Ulysses," by Alfred Lord Tennyson. 9. "She Was a Phantom of Delight," by William Wordsworth. 10. "The Cataract of Lodore," by Robert Southey.

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(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 35)

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DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait LV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Why Mountains Are Blue

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

• *FISH STORY*
• *THE LEGACY*
• *MISSPENT*

OUR friend Jan Hahn, editor of *Oceanus*, journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute on Cape Cod, has a keen eye for natural beauty. He also has a camera with a sharp lens. Timely exercise of these two instruments produced the masthead photograph above.

It was, of course, the curve of the net that attracted Mr. Hahn's attention. But the young lady didn't destroy the effect. Since all scientific pictures must be properly captioned, he had to ask her name. It is Miss Joan Bricker. She was a National Science Foundation Fellow, at work on one of the summer research projects of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

The photo caught Miss Bricker in the act of collecting small fish for Dr. Evelyn Shaw, American Museum staff member who studies the schooling of fish.

The Museum's undergraduate encouragement program gives future scientists of both sexes an unusual opportunity to learn at first hand from experienced scientists on original investigations.

• • •

FEW questions can legitimately be said to be important to everyone now living and to all the unborn generations of men yet to appear on Earth. Among them is this one:

What has happened to the 60,000 people who survived irradiation by the atom bombs that wrecked Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August, 1945?

During the subsequent fifteen years, no other group has undergone the same or even a remotely similar experience. No other segment of population has been subject, in a single exposure, to dosages of radiation varying from the almost non-existent to the almost lethal. The fate of these unique Japanese is, therefore, the only dependable guide to the fate of the incomparably many more whose bodies will be affected by peaceful uses of the atom in industry and medicine, if not by fallout from bombs.

In recognition of this peculiar tool for "assessing the peril of radiation in man," the *New England Journal of Medicine* has just published a special report on delayed radiation effects in survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings from 1947 to 1959. The findings are signed by Dr. J. W. Hollingsworth, assistant professor of medicine at Yale University School of Medicine (on leave of absence) and chief of the medical service of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, an agency of the U. S. National Academy of Sciences.

A significant difference between modern A-bombs and the primitive models that fell on Japan—and the consequent multiplication of horror that is synonomous with thought of future war—is pointed out in the report. The difference is in fallout.

There was no fallout from either the Hiroshima or the Nagasaki explosion because the fireball was too high to sweep up debris that might have contributed to secondary radiation. Few people caught within 1,000 meters of ground zero survived the blast; they were heavily shielded by the walls of the buildings they occupied or by neighboring buildings. Of the 60,000 survivors counted in the two cities, 25,000 had been within 1,500 meters of ground zero at the time of the explosion. All 7,000 of those who suffered major acute radiation sickness were within 2,000 meters.

The question of genetic damage has been the most thoroughly examined one. During the years 1948-54, this study included 70,000 pregnancies. In 10 per cent of these, one or both parents had been subject to the bomb's effects. Of the children resulting from these pregnancies, 27,000 were examined at birth and again at the age of nine months. Only 319 had major congenital abnormalities, and no statistical excess could be attributed to irradiated parents. Nor was there a statistical disproportion of stillbirths among the irradiated. Nor any difference in birth weights or infant mortality.

One type of lethal mutant did show up. It tended to reduce the number of daughters of irradiated fathers and the number of sons of irradiated mothers.

Altogether, the scientists' conclusion was that "the added genetic risk for the individual survivor is indeed small."

Since cataract was known to result from therapeutic radiation and from intimacy with cyclotrons, the incidence of cataracts among the Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors was scrutinized. Systematic study of 1,000 survivors disclosed no case of cataract. When the pursuit was intensified in unsystematic ways, nine cases were found in Hiroshima and one in Nagasaki, all among survivors who had been within 1,000 meters of ground zero.

Leukemia was known to occur among irradiated animals and among radiologists. Search for it disclosed 122 cases in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ninety-six of which occurred in people who had been within 2,000 meters of the center of the explosion. Here the determination was that leukemia is strikingly increased by radiation, and that within the 1,000-meter zone the incidence goes up ten to fifty times over normal.

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Tumors of the lung, stomach, breast, ovary and uterus were twice as numerous among the bomb survivors as in the normal population.

Women bearing children conceived within four months prior to radiation were more likely to give birth to mentally retarded offspring.

Children seven to ten years old at the time they were exposed to the bomb tended to have less perceptive vision than other children.

Psychological effects have not yet been sorted out, although they are of acknowledged importance.

Much of value to man's future has been learned from the Hiroshima and Nagasaki experience, Dr. Hollingsworth's report says, but not enough.

"Despite the fact that regular systematic general medical examinations have been a major feature of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission program since 1950, no comprehensive analysis of the mass of collected data has been reported," he points out. "The reasons for this deficiency are not hard to ascertain. To the clinician it was clear that most of the irradiated subjects were grossly normal and that no major new radiation-induced syndromes had appeared. To the statistician, the job of assembling such a vast array of medical data seemed most formidable. The only published results of general medical examinations concern the negative findings in seventy-eight patients with radiation cataracts. . . .

"The past research of the Commission has been plagued by a continually shifting population base on which various observations have been made, rendering disease-incidence figures unreliable. Isolated observations have been hard to fit within a general medical framework, and the importance of simultaneous observations in normal, non-irradiated subjects has not always been clearly recognized."

To provide more reliable and meaningful comparison between exposed and normal subjects, future research will be set up to encompass a sample of 100,000 people, whose longevity and cause of death will be observed. From these 100,000, there will be taken a subsample of 20,000 for detailed physical and laboratory examination every two years. The 20,000 will be split into four groups matched for age and sex:

1. Those exposed to radiation within 2,000 meters of ground zero and afflicted by major acute radiation disease in 1945.

2. Those exposed to radiation within 2,000 meters of ground zero but not afflicted by major acute radiation disease in 1945.

3. Those within 3,000-4,000 meters of ground zero at the time of explosion, presumably beyond the threat of radiation but within the zone of physical destruction and economic disruption.

4. People who moved into Hiroshima and Nagasaki after the explosions.

"Eventually," Dr. Hollingsworth promises, it will be possible to show how much radiation was received by every survivor within 2,000 meters of ground zero and what were the immediate and later effects of the radiation on that individual.

• • •

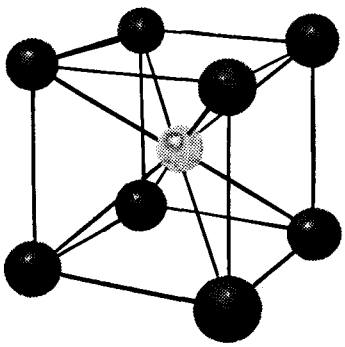
DR. MAX FINLAND, of the Harvard Medical School and Boston City Hospital, took the witness chair of the U. S. Senate drug investigation as a platform from which to say some of the bluntest things that have been said about medical research in a long while. These were his words:

"My own view is that the financial support for medical research, from both governmental and private sources, is out of balance with respect to the support needed for the medical schools and teaching hospitals, for the teaching and training of physicians, and for the universities and colleges in which students are prepared for admission to the medical schools. The availability of comparatively more funds for research than for teaching has resulted in the draining off of large numbers of potentially good physicians and teachers, and incidentally also increased the number of potentially poor investigators because the opportunities in research have become more readily available and in the early years after graduation from medical school, they are more lucrative than teaching or practice.

"It [research] is also an easy way out since acceptance of a position in research offers considerable relief from the arduous responsibilities involved in teaching and in patient care.

"As the available funds for research increase—because the number of individuals being prepared is not increasing in proportion to the needs—the quality of those undertaking research as well as that of the research they perform is diluted and the standards are inevitably lowered. This leaves the schools with an even poorer grade of teacher, which in turn can only result in a poorer grade of teaching and the product of such teaching."

Dr. Finland told the Senators "it is fashionable" today to use the word "basic" or "pure" or "fundamental" research in medicine to turn grants away from "those who apply their minds and skills to the solution of obvious practical problems that confront them from day to day." For example:



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DUTTON

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"The clinical evaluation of new drugs has been considered practical and thus obviously not basic or pure research and hence not worthy of support from research funds or by granting agencies."

The noted New Englander saw probable necessity for "mandatory legislation or regulation" to provide the medical profession with unbiased studies of new drugs before those drugs are allowed on the market. He preferred voluntary evaluation, said he had participated in efforts to establish some such system, and still hoped a method of that sort might be found, but confessed himself unable to advance a specific proposal on the spot.

Among other things, he said the American Medical Association had been "sissy" in failing to stand up to the drug houses in opposition to misleading ads.

Dr. Finland's testimony came on the same day on which Senator Estes Kefauver's Subcommitte on Antitrust and Monopoly turned up further evidence that the Food and Drug Administration is habitually and strongly influenced by the drug makers in evaluation of drugs. Documents were introduced to show that scientific papers prepared for publication in medical journals by qualified members of the F&DA staff were significantly modified after objections to the yet unpublished text had been made by Parke Davis.

Mr. Harry Loynd, president of Parke Davis, surprised the Senate subcommittee chairman by saying he could see nothing wrong with the behavior of Dr. Henry Welch as chief of the antibiotics division of F&DA. Dr. Welch's resignation was demanded and obtained several months ago by Health, Education and Welfare Department Secretary Arthur H. Flemming after the Senate investigators disclosed the antibiotics' official's acceptance of a quarter million dollars in fees from journals financially dependent on the drug houses. Parke Davis had given $100,000 to found an abortive English edition of one of the journals in question, and Dr. Welch had pocketed half of the unexpended balance of that sum. Despite this action, Mr. Loynd defended his personal friendship with Dr. Welch and the laudatory content of letters Mr. Loynd had written to Secretary Flemming praising Dr. Welch's "great service" on the job.

Although Secretary Flemming has repeatedly declared Dr. Welch guilty of violation of the conflict of interest laws, the Justice Department has instituted no proceedings toward enforcement of the laws. Nor has Secretary Flemming himself made public the results of independent investigations of F&DA he promised four months ago.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

15 THOUSANDTHS OF A SECOND IS A VERY LONG TIME

It's much faster than you can wink an eye, yet time enough for Bell Laboratories' new high-speed switching terminal to transfer your voice to another channel while you are talking by telephone.

The new terminal—recently introduced on the transatlantic cable—uses the idle time in the conversations of talkers on a group of channels to provide paths for other talkers. This time-sharing technique, called Time Assignment Speech Interpolation, permits the sending of 72 simultaneous phone conversations over this deep-sea system where only 36 could be sent before.

TASI takes advantage of the fact that in a normal telephone conversation you actually talk less than half the time. You do not talk when you are listening, and even when you do talk there are pauses between sentences, words, and syllables. When there are more talkers than channels, TASI puts this idle time to use.

Scanning each circuit thousands of times a second, TASI instantly notices when you aren't talking, then quickly switches in someone who *is*. TASI also notices when you resume talking, immediately finds a channel not in use that moment and switches you to it. Your voice may be switched many times during a single conversation in a time too fast—about 15 milliseconds—for your ear to perceive.

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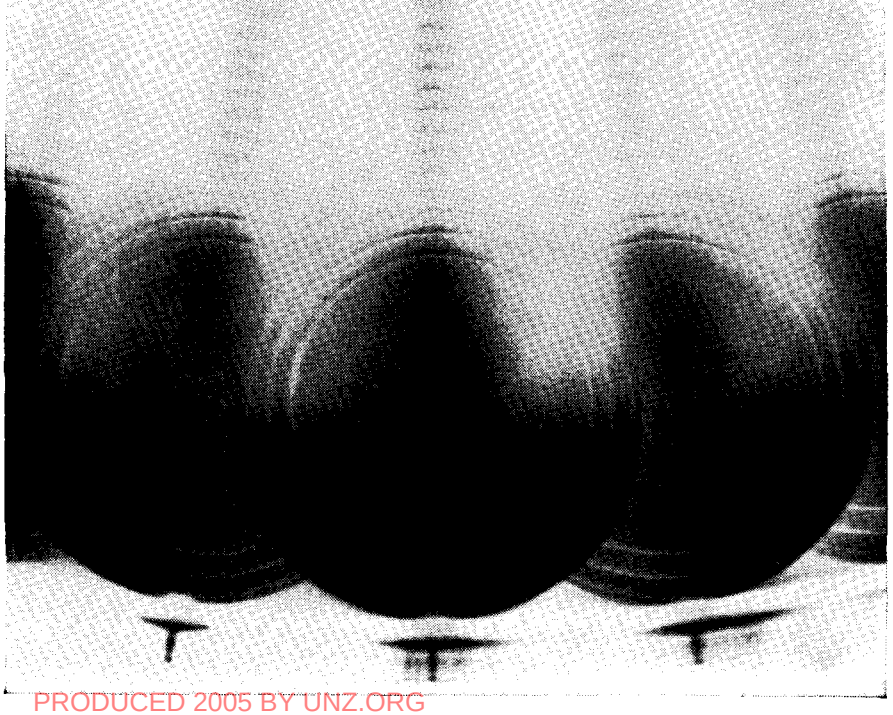

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

HISTORY LESSON

I HAVE BEEN an appreciative reader of your work in the *Saturday Review* for some time, but I must confess myself unhappy with your discussion of Dr. Max Hamburgh's notions on history. The deficiencies of his point of view should be presented to your readers.

Dr. Hamburgh is a biologist and I am not, but it is my understanding that, contrary to his views, Darwin *did* give an explanation of the evolution of species. Natural Selection is a mechanism by which variation and environment may be understood to have produced evolution, and is *not* a "description of the evolution of species." Darwin did not explain variation itself—that explanation came after the turn of the century from the geneticists.

It is Dr. Hamburgh's position that Toynbee has done for history what Darwin did for biology. There is no shred of evidence for such an opinion. Toynbee has described the development of civilization on the basis of an analogy with organic life. This analogy is an illuminating one. It was not original with Toynbee but was brought to its highest development in his work. But one mechanism such as Natural Selection is worth a thousand analogies of whatever suggestiveness. Invariably when certain aspects of a problem are illuminated by analogy, others are obscured. Nor can one safely predict phenomena on the basis of analogy. For examples of this type of events whose significance is overlooked by Toynbee's treatment Dr. Hamburgh might read the Conclusion of Ralph Linton's *The Tree of Culture*; phenomena such as the development of technology or of scientific method cannot be handled when one thinks of civilizations as members of an organic species. It should also be pointed out that it is a disservice to Darwin to place Toynbee on a level with him; the former, unlike the latter, would never have obscured and distorted his work by bringing to the fore his own eccentric views on religion and philosophy. The historical layman who is impressed with the ideas of such philosophers as Toynbee would do well to investigate the reasons why professional historians have been very little impressed or influenced by them.

It is well known that, as Julian Huxley writes, "a study of the *course* of evolution cannot be decisive in regard to the *method* of evolution." (*Evolution: The Modern Synthesis*, p. 38) This stricture applies to any sort of historical work, and exposes the fatal conceptual flaw in such works as those of Toynbee and Spengler. If the development of civilization is ever to be understood, it will be done only with the aid of some future sociological or social-psychological synthesis—the first proponent of which may rank with Darwin in the significance of his work.

Dr. Hamburgh's own idea about applying genetic models to historical developments is an interesting one, but it is not without precedent. For instance, much of David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* is concerned with this problem, and the expression "characterological mutation" is actually used (Anchor edition, p. 27).

FRANK M. ALBRECHT,
Dept. of History
Johns Hopkins U.
Baltimore, Md.

GLORY OR GLUTTONY

DR. HAMBURGH'S EXPLANATION of history did not seem to be convincing. I believe that a better explanation was given in my article entitled "Some Factors in the Nutritional Determination of History." This was published in *Science*, March 6, 1942. I pointed out that a nation or culture can develop only when or where a sufficient supply or surplus of food becomes available. Thus the valley of the Nile and the valleys of other great rivers became sources of civilizations. A sufficiency or surplus of food serves partly to give some individuals the necessary leisure to develop the arts. Among the primitive arts, is the art of cookery or catering to the appetite. It is first manifested in tribal feasts and later in banquets like the Roman banquets. The Roman banquets probably sealed the fate of the Roman Empire. Too much good or rich food and drinks leads to a deterioration of individuals and likewise it evidently can ruin an empire or civilization.

I also indicated in 1942 that the progress made by the Russians and the Germans after World War I was explainable as an after-effect or rebound from preceding famine conditions (in Russia) and food restrictions (in Germany). On the other hand, I then attributed the fall of France to the French cuisine and too much wine. Moreover, I stressed the need of Americans to guard against the insidious effect of dietetic excesses. Developments since 1942 have further supported the explanations I gave.

FREDERICK HOELZEL
Chicago, Ill.

FITTING THE EGGHEAD

WITH REGARD TO Dr. Max Hamburgh's article in the *American Institute of Biological Studies Bulletin*, reviewed by you (*SR* Sept. 3) it might be useful to note that civilizations and species do not die from over specialization until a marked change or drying-up of the environment takes place, which change makes the once useful specialization a handicap in competition. Then we might regard the "misfits, deviants, radicals" Dr. Hamburgh refers to as "mutants," as victims of the drying-up of suitable environment by the ever-widening spread of conformity through our society, which tends to make all nonconformists "misfits." In a society that puts no value on intellectual activity, an egghead is a misfit.

Although I entirely agree with Dr. Hamburgh's statement that "each society must harbor in its midst its own contingent of 'mutants' or 'irregulars' called respectively . . . misfits, deviants, radicals, in order to seize upon environmental changes not only to survive but to prosper," I am not as optimistic as Dr. Hamburgh that conformity will stop short of drying-up the environments of our non-conformists, even in a democracy, although it is plain that democracy gives them their best chance for survival. Recent past history has shown us that once the dodoes and passenger-pigeons are gone from our midst, they never can be brought back, no matter how much we might wish it, if only for the diversity they would add to our lives.

J. D. ATKINSON, JR.
Greenup, Ky.

NO PLANETS LOST

HOW CAN a sentence like "With it, man will be able for the first time to send messages as far out as Saturn, the most distant planet in the solar system" [per-

"This one is for the news behind the news."

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sonality portrait, Sept. 3] ever get through the editors? What happened to Uranus, Neptune and Pluto? It certainly makes you doubt the validity of the whole article. Please explain.

FRED MONTAGUE
Whitestone, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Like most errors of this kind, the one complained against here occurred in the course of cutting to fit space. Roberta Silman, author of the piece in question, caught the mistake on galley proof. Her correction unfortunately did not survive the last minute proof room rush.*

SAVE-A-MILLION

YOUR NOTE REGARDING drug costs in Los Angeles [*SR*/Research, Aug. 6, p. 45] is erroneous. While the use of generic names on prescriptions does amount to a considerable saving, the major factor in reducing drug cost was the production of a small limited formulary. This formulary effectively restricted the physician to a handful of specific drugs. . . . This formulary [recently] was expanded to include compounds of aspirin. [Before that] . . . it was necessary to write for narcotic analgesics to relieve pain in cases where aspirin compounds would suffice. Perhaps codeine is cheaper?

I am not criticizing the welfare outpatient program. It renders a service within the restrictions of financial reality. If the doctor and private patient would accept this same financial restriction, prescription costs would tumble. Mind you, I did not say drug costs, but prescription costs, would tumble. It is difficult to get sophisticated patients and even more, sophisticated physicians, to trade major savings in costs for minor differences in drug action. If this, however, were accomplished, the drug companies would stop marketing every minor advance until significant change had occurred; then they could produce and market their products at reasonable prices.

Why ask the drug industry to do what no other industry would be willing to do? Why ask them to stop marketing every new advance they have? We don't ask car manufacturers to produce the same car each year. We don't do this to appliances, machines, cameras, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, etc. It is for them to produce and for us to buy. I think it is for the physician and the patient to look for the same value in drugs as they do in other commodities that we purchase. The campaign to use generic names would simplify the present system, but for the most part would not reduce the patient's demand for something new nor the physician's responsibility to prescribe reasonable, effective medication.

JAMES M. HONIGMAN, D. O.
Los Angeles, California.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What happened in California was this: The State Department of Social Welfare, headquartered in Sacramento, found drug costs rising so high that the department budget was no longer adequate to cover costs of care of welfare patients. Drastic action had to be taken. Physicians throughout the state were advised that the Government would pay for prescriptions only for a limited number of specified drugs. The formulary containing the specifications listed all the medicines required to treat all common diseases. Aspirin was not put on the list because, it was assumed, even welfare patients could afford to buy aspirin tablets.*

In one year's time, between March 1959 and May 1960, drug costs of the State's welfare patients dropped more than $1,000,000 a month. The saving enabled the Department of Social Welfare to include more drugs in its formulary. Among these is aspirin.

In prescribing most of the eighty-eight drugs now in the formulary, physicians are allowed to prescribe by either the trade name or the generic name of a drug. Therefore, it is correct to say that most of California's saving has come from the elimination of unnecessary drugs. However, as Doctor Honigman concedes, there is also a saving in the use of generic names alone. It is sufficient to have encouraged California to plan a new prescription system for welfare patients beginning early in 1961. The plan will require use of generic names for all drugs and will place price ceilings on the druggists who fill the prescriptions. The result will be use of the best drug available in each case rather than the drug with the most advertised name or the latest drug on the market.

While this is happening in California, the drug makers are trying to pressure the Pennsylvania State Board of Pharmacy into adopting new regulations that would require physicians to use the trade name of a drug on every hospital prescription and to write that name on the prescription ahead of the drug's generic name. This would virtually destroy the value of hospital formularies.

The American Medical Association, which on most matters has been reluctant to offend drug advertisers in its journals, has recently carried editorials in the A. M. A. Journal *supporting use of generic names and calling for continuance of the hospital formulary system as it now exists.*

HOW TO

I HAVE BEEN reading and enjoying *Saturday Review* since I graduated from college in 1954. I have been following the recent articles by John Lear, Science Editor, on drug practices with great interest and with no little disturbing thought.

What can I as one lone citizen do? Whom can I contact to protest and comment?

(MRS.) JOHN C. WELCH
Pocomoke City, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers interested in correcting drug abuses can talk to their physicians, write Congressmen and Senators.*

ALWAYS NORTH

JUST HOW does Dr. Zeller reach a point *south*-east of the South Pole, or even 250 miles *east* of it, as John Alexander reports his doing on page 49 of the August 6, 1960 issue?

CHARLES M. ENGBERG
Ogden, Utah.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference point should have been McMurdo Sound.*

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TITAN
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WHY MOUNTAINS ARE BLUE

The Hazy Look May Explain Petroleum's Origin

By DR. FRITZ W. WENT

THERE are dozens of everyday experiences which can be cited to substantiate the reality and ubiquity of the blue heat or summer haze, which covers, particularly in summer on sunny and windless days, the whole countryside. We must exclude from this enumeration the haze which is produced in cities by 'smog' (partial oxidation products of gasoline vapors) or by smoke from fires or industrial activities. But when we are in the countryside far away from cities, a blue haze is still present, usually much bluer than industrial smokes and hazes. Distant mountains are often blue, and may occasionally become almost invisible in a light blue haze.

This is perhaps best illustrated with a description of the Tuscan countryside of the sixteenth century, as given by Leonardo da Vinci in his notebooks. When reading this, one becomes aware of the number of 'Blue Mountains' (for example, in Australia, where blue hazes over the eucalypt forests are very common) and 'Blue Ridges' (in Tennessee, near the 'Smoky Mountains'), all named after one of the most typical aspects of these mountains: that they are usually enveloped in a blue haze or smoke. This haze occurs more commonly in summer, in areas only little populated, when no fires occur.

On warm summer afternoons, the Sun's rays breaking between the clouds can be seen as shafts of light against the dark undersides of these clouds. These rays become visible only because they pass through the even mass of haze. When the blue rays have been filtered out of the sunlight, this light becomes more yellowish (in the tropics the Sun is sometimes called the 'copper cad'), or even red (at sunset). These residual red rays produce the *Alpengluhen*, and the deficiency of blue light at sunset makes all our color pictures taken at that time too yellow.

There is no better way to observe the blue haze than by flying over the countryside. When flying at a few thousand feet altitude, the fields and forests become indistinct near the horizon. The horizon becomes suddenly clear and sharp when the airplane rises above the temperature-inversion layer which, during the summer, usually lies at 10,000 feet. The horizon is then formed by the clouds which float in the inversion layer with all haze contained underneath, and, depending on the density of the haze, the ground surface is remarkably indistinct. Photographs taken from the airplane on days with dense haze are lacking in contrast, whereas on hazeless days, similar pictures are brilliant.

There have been a number of suggestions as to the nature of the haze: (1) smoke; (2) dust; (3) water vapor; (4) fog. Even a summary consideration will show that it can be none of these four possibilities. Concerning (1), these hazes are prevalent over moist tropical uninhabited jungles, over cultivated fields in summer, and in general over places without fires. Besides, the smoke plumes of fires or factories can be followed for dozens of miles downwind where they have not merged completely with the surrounding air. Therefore, the even blue haze cannot have its source in fires. Besides, most smoke is yellow or brown, whereas the common haze is blue or grey.

Point (2) can also be dismissed easily. The most pronounced haze occurs on quiet days with very low wind velocities, whereas on windy days hazes are less common. Besides, hazes occur already one day after a good rain, and their prevalence over forests and fields speaks equally against dust. Finally, again the blue color makes dust an impossibility; dust always has the color of the soil from which it rises.

The possibility that the haze is either (3) water vapor, or (4) fog, can also be ruled out. In the first place, the haze is most pronounced on warm sunny summer days. It never merges gradually into clouds; these remain always distinct. Water does not have any trace of light absorption in the visible part of the spectrum; water vapor as such can therefore never be visible. It can be observed only after it has condensed into droplets, as fog or clouds. But these droplets are at least five microns [one micron being one millionth part of a meter] in diameter and therefore diffract and reflect all colors equally, making them pure white in sunlight. Smaller water droplets, for example, of one micron diameter, are stable only in strongly over-saturated air, and then they would immediately grow to greater size. Only particles or droplets smaller than the wave-length of light will reflect predominantly the blue rays, and such one-tenth micron or smaller particles give rise to a blue haze.

We come therefore to the conclusion that blue hazes must consist of very minute, submicroscopic particles. This size precludes their formation by fragmentation of larger particles; breaking any matter up into sub-microscopic particles requires enormous forces and fantastic amounts of energy, which are nowhere in evidence on quiet days.

The only remaining possibility is that these hazes are formed by agglomeration or condensation of molecules already present in the air. This is only possible, in that size-range, by chemical forces, because the kinetic energy of gas molecules at ordinary air temperatures precludes condensation.

Fortunately several cases are known in which application of light or chemical energy leads to the condensation of gas molecules to blue hazes. The first of these cases was described almost a hundred years ago by Prof. John Tyndall, of Dublin.

He showed that when a beam of intense light was passed through a tube filled with air containing organic vapors a delicate blue light was emitted by that part of the air through which the light had passed. The lower the concentration of the organic vapors, the more slowly the so-called blue cloud formed, and the deeper the blue color. On continued irradiation the color of the blue cloud became lighter until it was whitish. Tyndall also found that the air remained optically empty, and that the blue light emitted by the cloud was polarized, indicating that it was reflected by submicroscopic particles, which obviously grew rapidly until they reflected all wave-lengths, and thus produced a whitish light.

Another case of experimental blue haze formation has been described and

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demonstrated by Dr. Arie Haagen-Smit, of the California Institute of Technology. When he mixed dilute gasoline or olefine vapors with a low concentration of ozone, a blue cloud (with 'smog' smell) formed. This model experiment indicates what is happening in the atmosphere of a city, where considerable amounts of petrol vapors are emitted into the air, and where the energy of sunlight, catalysed by nitrogen oxides, oxidizes the olefines present.

An experiment, similar to that of Haagen-Smit with olefines, shows that volatile organic substances produced by plants behave in the same way as gasoline vapors and ozone. When low concentrations of terpenes are injected into an ozone-bearing atmosphere, a blue haze develops. This is clearly shown in the case of dropping a handful of crushed pine needles, or any other aromatic plant material, into a container with ozone. The crushed leaves soon become enveloped in a slight blue haze, which becomes gradually whiter. This behavior is exactly like that of organic vapors in the strong light of Tyndall's experiment.

NOW it can be shown that considerable amounts of volatile organic substances are emitted into the air in sunlight. A pine forest produces quantites of volatile terpenes, such as pinene, which give the forest its piny smell. The fragrance of meadows is also due to volatile organic substances, and so is the aromatic smell of sagebrush and other types of vegetation of dunes and semi-arid regions. The sweet odor of the forest floor covered with autumn leaves is caused by terpenoid compounds, probably derived from decomposing carotenoids.

The amount of these volatile organic compounds produced yearly by all land-plants and their decomposition products is of the order of 100,000,000 tons. All this disappears again from the air since only a short distance from forest, meadow, or sage, the aromatic odors are no longer noticeable, at least during day. At night, whiffs of strong aromas may drift for much greater distances, but during the day a mechanism exists which removes the odors. This cannot be a simple oxidation to carbon dioxide and water. Even in the plant no enzymes exist which can decompose terpenes after they have been formed.

But through the experiments of Tyndall with light, and those with ozone, we know that partial oxidation can result in condensation of terpenes to macromolecules which refract the blue light. This is the major—and only demonstrable—mechanism by which the molecularly dispersed (and therefore smellable) aromatic compounds in the air can be deodorified. Therefore the same mechanism explains the removal of terpenes from the air, and the formation of a blue haze.

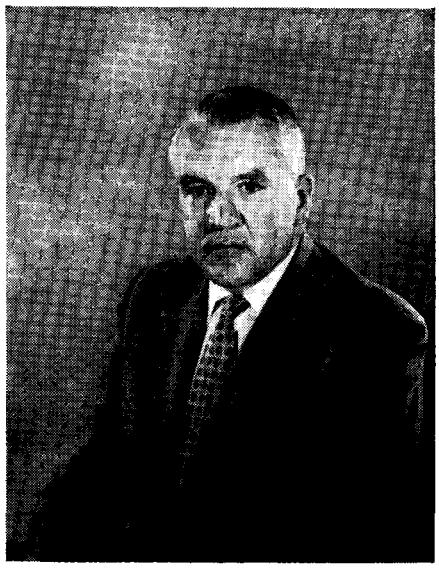
What happens to the particles which cause the blue haze? We can imagine two mechanisms. One is their oxidation to carbon dioxide and water. But in the first instance, they were formed because oxidation did not result in complete oxidation; and the addition products of the ozonides and peroxides produced by light-oxidation of terpenes are scarcely likely to be more oxidizable than the parent substance.

Therefore, the second possible mechanism is that they continue to grow in size and agglomerate into particles which become large enough so that they can be precipitated with rain or snow. They may then change color from blue to white, grey, brown, or black. Judging by observable phenomena, the last-named seems to be the actual case. Commonly in the afternoon one finds the upper layer of the blue haze layer to be denser and of a grey or black color. This is only visible when viewing this layer tangentially, that is to say, from an airplane flying in the inversion layer. In addition to this one major thin layer of dark color, there often are several others at about 1,000 foot intervals; usually there are one to three, but occasionally as many as seven can be counted. The grey, brown or black color of these layers indicates that the haze particle size is well above a half micron, very much above that of the blue hazes under the inversion layer. These denser and darker layers of particles must have originated either in the stratosphere, where we do not have sufficient source materials, or in the haze layers below. This means that the sub-microscopic blue haze particles must grow into micron size particles in the inversion layer, in a relatively short time-period, measured in hours or days. This presents theoretical difficulties, but the facts seem to be clear-cut. There is some direct evidence indicating the transformation of the blue haze into larger particles.

Whenever a layer of convection clouds (strato- or alto-cumulus) accumulates above a blue haze-saturated air layer, certain phenomena can be observed. There is usually a zone of very active cloud appearance and disappearance in the lower end of the inversion layer; and it is exactly in that zone that very thin, dark grey or black wisps of cloud are seen. I call them 'veil clouds' for apparent lack of a specific name. They are clearly defined along the edges of disappearing strato-cumulus cloudlets. Their dark color is definitely not due to shadows, for they surround a perfectly white cumulus on all sides. Veil clouds are also visible, not associated with any white clouds, but are always very thin, dark in color, and occur only in the primary and secondary inversion layers. Frequently the lower surface of strato-cumulus consists mainly or partly of veil clouds. Wherever they extend between the strato-cumulus they remain dark in color, and therefore I believe that a considerable part of the darkness of the lower side of strato-cumulus clouds consists of veil clouds, and that their dark color indicates that their chemical composition differs very much from water. I suggest that veil clouds associated with alto- and strato-cumulus clouds are accumulations and condensations of the blue haze and therefore that they consist of particles of bituminous or asphaltic materials.

At the size the particles reach in veil clouds they may be effective condensation nuclei, and thus may play a part in cloud formation and even in rain production. They might thus partially replace sodium chloride particles as cloud- and rain-forming nuclei.

Only over vegetated areas are blue hazes and veil clouds observed. Over oceans one can see dilute white hazes, apparently consisting of sodium chloride particles, produced by evaporation of droplets of sea water, splattered by



DR. FRITZ W. WENT, author of the accompanying article, is a son of Dr. F. A. C. Went, the well-known Dutch professor of botany at the University of Utrecht, and he grew up next door to a botanical garden. He is now director of the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis. The blue haze that first captured his attention was Los Angeles smog. Working backwards, he found blue haze in paintings executed before there were factories to pollute the air. The theory here expounded is reprinted from the British Journal *Nature*.

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rain or splashing droplets into the air. Over absolute deserts no blue hazes occur (usually only yellow dust layers occur there); but over the creosote-covered California semi-deserts, and over the aromatic Australian interior, blue hazes, of perhaps lower concentration than the hazes hanging over Europe or the Mid-West of the United States, are typical. Blue hazes are typical of all tropical vegetated areas, pine forests, and forests in general.

About the fate of the bituminous and asphaltic particles in the veil clouds and grey or black inversion layers, little can be said. It is almost certain that they return to the Earth's surface with rain and snow, become attached to clay and other soil particles, and thus are either washed down with rivers into delta areas, where they might be the source materials for petroleum deposits, or they become incorporated in humus and peat, and provide the basis for much of the heat content of bituminous coals.

I suggest that the blue hazes and veil clouds play a very important part in the heat balance of the Earth and specifically of the atmosphere. They probably absorb about twenty per cent of all the Sun's radiation reaching the Earth. Therefore they should be considered when calculating the heat conversions near the Earth's surface.

There is another interesting aspect of the veil clouds. They must have a considerable potential heat content. Perhaps they provide not only part of the ions needed to build up the enormous potential differences required for lightning, but they might also provide part of the energy for maintaining the multi-mile long lightning shafts. One of the reasons for suggesting this is that the denser the vegetation and the more terpenes volatilize (due to high temperatures), the more intense the thunderstorms are. Over oceans, over deserts, and over the Arctic, they are absent.

Thus it was suggested that volatilization of terpenes and other plant products results in the production of, first, blue haze, then veil clouds, and finally, bituminous materials which, when returned to the Earth by rain and snow, produce the source materials for petroleum formation. The quantities produced are of the right order of magnitude, and all facts seem to fit into a consistent picture, giving a balanced point of view of many, until recently, unrelated facts.

We need proof of many of the statements and suggestions made here before they can be accepted as any more than a hypothesis. But the hypothesis may serve as a basis for further observations on the hitherto neglected blue hazes and veil clouds.

—CHURCHILL, PA.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LV

PITTSBURGH PHENOMENON: THE LIGHT BRIGHTENER

Dr. John Wesley Coltman Entered the Looking Glass World With His Daughter's Toys to Make X-Rays Safer

IN his office at Westinghouse Research Laboratories in this suburb of Pittsburgh is a clock which tells, in addition to the correct time, a great deal about the 45-year-old physicist who owns it, Dr. John Wesley Coltman.

Frozen in swirling white within the circle of hours that bound the heavenly blue dome of the clock's ceramic face are meticulous reproductions of Ursa Major (the Big Dipper) and Nebula M81. As the minutes pass, they are marked out by a silvered sliver tipped with metallic circlings of the orbits of fleeting electrons. The great planet Saturn squats stubbornly on the hour hand.

The convex ceramic plate was executed on commission. The man whose movements the timepiece regulates says, softly, "I did the rest."

As though to explain what it is that makes him tick, Dr. Coltman will on occasion unplug the clock from its electric motivation in the wall, turn the instrument face down and display, like a proud but shy boy, the toy tin pie pan that is nailed on the back. The clockworks are housed within that pan, which, he tells visitors who are curious enough to ask, "my daughter reluctantly gave up from her doll dish set."

For those who like symbolism, the clock can be said to reflect universal curiosity; the pie pan, practicality. A combination of the two helped the clock's owner win the 1960 Edward Longstreth Medal of The Franklin Institute, an honor bestowed annually since 1890 for inventions of "high order and meritorious work in science." The presentation to Dr. Coltman will be made in Philadelphia on the Institute's Medal Day, October 19, for "his individual research contributions and his guidance of the research program leading to the first working x-ray image amplifier device."

The image amplifier is not designed to enlarge x-ray pictures but to make them clearer and safer for patients and doctors.

X-ray films are at the same time commonplace and extremely valuable in determining disease sites inside the body. But the fine details of diagnosis are very often worked out by a specialist observing his patient directly under the fluoroscope. The patient lies or stands between an x-ray source and a fluorescent screen. The x-rays pass through the body and excite electrons in the screen to glow in patterns of light and shade depending on the nature of bone and tissue they penetrate. The longer the examination continues, the greater the danger of damage from radiation.

Up to the time Dr. Coltman took an interest in them at Westinghouse's instigation, fluoroscope images were dim. Tricky shadows took time to identify. Scientifically, the problem was that because of the quantum nature of x-rays, they traveled in packets, considerably larger than light rays. The picture they threw on the fluorescent screen consequently had a gross-grained quality, some 3,000 times as difficult for the eye to follow as, say, a TV picture.

How could that grainy vagueness be sharpened?

"For about a year and a half," Dr. Coltman recalls, "all we did was think about it. There was a long progression of ideas, some of which had been expounded on paper years before. Hardly any scientific problem is solved by a single idea any more than a person can invent one solution for a crossword puzzle."

The first step was discovery of a way to record quanta of x-rays as individual events. This was put to use in the scintillation counter, a device which counts off radiation as it occurs.

In the end, the hoped-for clarity of the x-ray image was achieved in Alice-

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—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

John and Sally Coltman, at work.

in-Wonderland fashion, not by enlarging the picture but by reducing its size. The key tube in the ultimate instrument is about eighteen inches long, and looks like a bottle full of shiny metal. In use, it hangs above the prone body of the patient, in a fluoroscope frame. As x-rays shoot upward through the body, they strike the photoelectric surface of the tube's bottom, which is seven inches across. The whole surface responds by releasing electrons. The electrons zoom through the bottle-like tube, as though into a steadily narrowing tunnel, at 5,000 miles per second, and land all pinched together on a screen that is only one inch wide. The effect is to pour so much energy into the one-inch picture that its intensity can be diluted by ordinary optical magnification and still be 500 times as bright as the original fluoroscope image. Within five years after Dr. Coltman went to work on the amplifying device in 1945, the instrument was in use in many doctors' offices and was being discussed as the greatest potential contribution to medical diagnosis since the x-ray itself was first adapted to medical science.

Such rapid recognition was not a new experience for this young man, though he recalls with a wince that some of the other recognition had been "for scientifically inconsequential things."

In 1947, publicity was world-wide. "You remember when this bubble-blowing goo first hit the market? Well, while we were looking for a thin membrane for use in our work on the scintillation counter, I was blowing bubbles to amuse my daughter Sally, when it occurred to me that the goo was just the thing I needed to allow alpha particles to escape. I brought the stuff to the lab and a publicity man saw me blowing a bubble.

"We got clippings on that thing from as far away as Hong Kong. In another week, we abandoned the bubble plastic for some better goo."

Happily, Dr. Coltman's first scientific endeavor met with no recognition. At the age of twelve, he blew out a basement window at home in Cleveland, Ohio, while mixing explosives. His practical streak enabled him to repair the damage before his mother noticed it. "To this day," he crowed recently, "she doesn't know about that window."

The chemistry experiments, were a natural beginning because John Coltman's father was a chemist and "for many years I thought science was chemistry." It wasn't until later that he discovered physics tucked away in the textbooks at Case Institute of Technology. At the University of Illinois, he earned his M.S. in 1939 and his Ph.D. in 1941. While doing graduate work in the latter year, he was hired by Westinghouse for the summer and assigned to dream up a gimmick to turn on the company's new radio station, WBZ, in Boston.

"There was a lot of interest in the atomic fission process at the time—interest among physicists, I mean," he says. "Several people were beginning to play with it."

He decided to channel the energy from an exploding uranium atom to flip the radio transmitter's switch.

"I built an ionization chamber to catch the fragments released from the atom. It was a single incident thing (the nuclear chain reaction had not yet been achieved) but it worked."

SINCE then Dr. Coltman often has been called the publicity man's dream scientist, a title he doesn't cherish but accepts with characteristic good humor. And why not? His knack for drawing attention is not restricted to newspaper offices. Westinghouse is quite aware of his presence and has trusted him with such major development projects as the magnetron tube for radar, instrumentation for the Bikini atom bomb tests, and the scintillation counter. As manager of the electronics and nuclear physics department —a post he assumed in 1949—he directed research in acoustics, infrared radiation, underwater sound, nuclear physics, microwaves and plasma physics. Almost coincident with the announcement of the Franklin Institute award, he was moved on up into the Number Two spot in the research laboratories—that of associate director.

When he leaves his office for home in the evening, he carries with him a "wad of work." "I don't know how much of this is show," he declares candidly, "for most of the time I return to the office without having touched it." Instead of burrowing into the "wad" he may go downstairs to his workshop to hand-tool a chair or a table. But "mostly I work on clock cases." Or he may put the kitchen in chaos with an off-beat culinary dish. "I can make Chinese egg rolls from scratch," he boasts. "Have you ever tried to make that crust?"

His wife, Charlotte, is, he says, "very good natured" about cleaning up after him.

ON A free evening, Dr. Coltman and his wife may attend a Pittsburgh Symphony concert or a Pittsburgh Playhouse play. If they spend the evening with friends, bridge isn't involved, much to Mrs. Coltman's regret. "I guess," says her husband with a jerk of the head which liberates a straight, stubby lock of hair, "I had a traumatic run-in with bridge as a youth. My parents were avid players. When I started to learn, every card that left my hand was greeted with such shrieks of dismay that I never gained self-confidence."

At eighteen, John Coltman was a licensed amateur radio operator and won a national championship for piccolo playing. Today he's a fellow of the Institute of Radio Engineers (also a fellow of the American Physical Society) and plays first flute in the ninety-three piece Wilkinsburg Symphony Orchestra, of which he's assistant director. The piccolo he plays only occasionally.

Such a marriage of music and radio engineering leads to expectation of a hi-fi of gigantic dimensions in the Coltman home. Instead, a modest commercial record player delivers the sounds of music.

"I'd rather play than listen," he explains. "I never have made a big thing out of listening to music."

The Coltman house also boasts a collection of oils and watercolors done by Dr. Coltman's grandfather. The paintings are all representational. If you touch that subject. Dr. Coltman quickly confesses: "I don't understand modern abstract art and it is my strong suspicion that neither do the artists. There is no other field of endeavor in which the work of a chimpanzee can be mistaken for that of a human being by a panel of experts."

The Coltmans have two daughters: Sally, who at seventeen seems to bear no traumatic scars from being relieved of doll dishes and plastic bubble goo in the name of science, and Nancy, eleven. Many summer days find them afloat on the Chesapeake with their parents in a fourteen-foot runabout that Dr. Coltman put together in the same basement workshop where he fixes leaky faucets and makes furniture and clocks —especially clocks. Clocks are curiously practical things, even when their faces are set among the stars.

—HELEN KNOX.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

GEOLOGY'S BEGINNINGS

How Earth Came to Be Seen as Nature's Work

OBSERVATIONS quietly made in the wild glens and coasts of his native Scotland enabled James Hutton (1726-97) to prove and illustrate a theory which was to become the basis of modern geology. Scotland, and particularly Edinburgh where Hutton resided, was the center of a remarkable outburst of intellectual activity in the second half of the eighteenth century. Hutton numbered among his personal friends Joseph Black the physicist and chemist, James Watt the engineer, Adam Smith the economist, and Henry Raeburn who painted his portrait; he must have been acquainted, too, with David Hume the philosopher.

Geological facts were beginning to outrun theory, and the time was ripe for some comprehensive principle to co-ordinate them. Hutton provided the principle, whose importance in geology is comparable with that of evolution in biology: 'the present is the key to the past.' He refused to postulate the universal deluges, the frightful convulsions and catastrophes which were the stock-in-trade of contemporary geologists; he observed the processes which were occurring in his own day and assumed that their operation in the past was responsible for the present features of the earth's crust. 'No powers are to be employed,' he said, 'that are not natural to the globe, no action to be admitted to except those of which we know the principle, and no extraordinary events to be alleged in order to explain a common appearance.'

The first process, of which he saw signs on every hand, was that the rocks are decaying and 'the lofty mountains are going into ruin'. The chemical effects of the atmosphere cause the decomposition of the rocks; minerals become oxidised and some constituents of the rocks are dissolved by rain water which has become acid by the solution of carbon dioxide from the air. Pure rock is quickly tarnished on exposure to the atmosphere and the weathering of old buildings is a small example of what is happening on a universal scale. The strains set up in the rocks by expansion under the heat of the sun cause cracking and flaking; the expansion on freezing of water which has collected in crevices splits off fragments.

Water carries the fragments and soluble materials into the mountain streams which, clear and sparkling in fine weather, become turbid after rain. Streams and rivers behave like sinuous files wearing away their beds by the bumping, rubbing and grinding of the sand, gravel and small boulders which they carry. It is calculated that the Thames sweeps annually between one and two million tons of rock waste into the sea, while the Mississippi discharges into the Gulf of Mexico five hundred million tons of dissolved and suspended matter each year. At the present rate, the rivers of the world would reduce all land to sea level in ten million years.

Hutton acknowledged his indebtedness to Nicholas Desmarest, who had given proofs that valleys are made by rivers and that a landscape passes through clearly defined stages of development; also to the evidence of the erosion by running water in the Alpine valleys furnished by de Saussure, a pioneer of mountain climbing and the first to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. Hutton wrote of the Alps: 'From the top of those decaying pyramids to the sea, we have a chain of facts which clearly demonstrate this proposition, that the materials of the wasted mountains have travelled through the rivers.'

HUTTON maintained that valleys are excavated by rivers, sometimes being cut through the solid rock, and supported his contention by the gentle and uniform inclination of the tributary valleys as well as of the main trunk valley. But his view was not accepted even by Charles Lyell and Charles Darwin who believed deep valleys to be fractures in the earth's crust caused by earthquakes or convulsions. . . . In the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, when American geologists showed that even the great cañons of the Colorado are wholly due to water erosion, Hutton's view was completely vindicated.

The coarser detritus, such as gravel and sand, discharged by the rivers is deposited in shallow water, being smoothed and rounded by the scouring of the tides, whereas fine silt and mud is swept out into deeper water. The ceaseless agitation of the sea further sifts and grades the beds of sediment which, as centuries pass, slowly become thicker and thicker.

Although the rivers carry in solution vastly more lime than common salt, sea-water contains less of the former than of the latter because many marine animals take up lime to build their shells, the oyster being a large and familiar example. Beds of limestone are formed from the shells of innumerable tiny creatures and massive limestone reefs reefs are built by coral polyps.

THE logical consequence of the ceaseless wearing away of the rocks and their deposition under the sea is the ultimate disappearance of dry land unless there is the compensatory process of the raising of the sea floor. That such a process occurs is suggested by the existence of sedimentary rocks on dry land and even on the tops of the highest mountains, and by the tilting, bending, folding and breakage of the strata. Hutton suggested that the force necessary for such gigantic upheavals is to be found in the subterranean heat of the earth, having in mind the force exerted by heat in the steam-engines of his friend James Watt. In effect he regarded the earth as a gigantic heat engine. He spoke of 'an internal fire or power of heat, and a force of irresistible expansion, in the body of the earth.' The Neptunists [who believed that in the beginning earth's crusts was in suspension in one vast primeval ocean] thought of the center of the earth as cold, and regarded volcanoes as local phenomena. Hutton saw volcanoes as universal safety valves, the vents through which the molten rock, now known as magma, could well up from the earth's interior when the pressure became uncontainable. The modern view is that the raising of the land is due partly to the great weight of sinking sediment, thousands of feet deep, on the plastic interior of the earth; acting like a wedge, it gradually buckles and wrinkles the crust on each side. Under this lateral pressure the strata may fold like a breaking sea wave, and override each other. Rocks like the clays yield, but sandstones and limestones are liable to snap, causing faults and earthquakes.

Hutton looked for and discovered in the rocks evidence to support his view that there have been in the past long periods of quiet deposition interspersed with periods of violent upheavals. This evidence was provided by the famous unconformities, consisting of layers of sedimentary rocks resting on the worn surfaces of other sedimentary rocks dipping at a different angle. Along the river Jed, near Jedburgh, he found striking unconformity where the river

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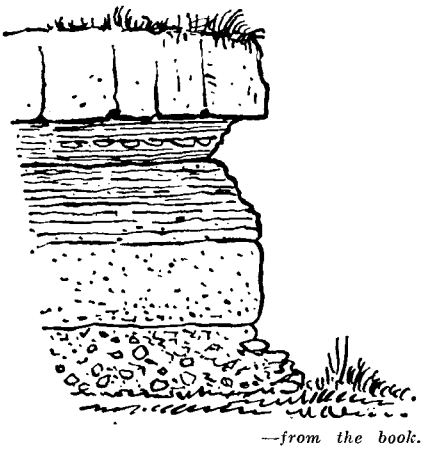
had hollowed out a deep gully. Vertical strata of a hard rock known as schist are overlaid with horizontal strata of softer sandstone and marl, with an intervening horizontal layer of puddingstone.

Hutton asked how this could have occurred. The lowest strata of schist must have been laid down under the sea, and brought into their vertical orientation by some tremendous buckling of the earth's surface. The fact that their rounded tops are worn away indicates erosion by rivers, winds or tides, so that they must have been raised more or less above the surface of the sea. The layer of puddingstone immediately above them is composed of stones and gravel, which appear to be products of this erosion of the schist. The top strata of sandstone and marl could have been laid down only after another subsidence beneath the sea, and the dry land of today by a final elevation. Hutton rightly argued that an unconformity revealed 'a succession of former worlds,' and there is now abundant evidence that Britain has several times been long beneath the sea.

Hutton deduced from his theory of the internal heat of the Earth that the frequent occurrence of veins and fissures of foreign rocks containing no fossils, in broken and intersected strata, was due to the intrusion of molten material from below. He ascribed such an igneous origin to granite, which, being a crystalline rock, was regarded by the Neptunists as a chemical precipitate from water. It was plausible to regard large sheets or beds of granite as precipitated from the sea, but, during his visit to Glen Tilt in the north of Perthshire, Hutton saw veins of red granite in the black schist which must have been intruded. 'The sight of objects which verified at once so many important conclusions in his system,' his friend John Playfair wrote, 'filled him with delight, and his feelings on such occasions were always strongly expressed, the guides who accompanied him were convinced that it must be nothing less than the discovery of a vein of silver or gold that could call forth such strong marks of joy and exultation.'

The Vulcanists [who opposed Neptunist theory by contending that many rocks had flowed into place from below] maintained that basalt was an igneous rock, but Hutton went a step further in recognizing granite as igneous also. He and his followers, as an extreme sect of Vulcanism, were labelled Plutonists.

Sir James Hall, after many conversations and arguments with Hutton in his home at Dunglass, became a strong supporter of the latter's views. An accident at the Leith glass works prompted him to test them by experiment. A large mass of green glass, allowed to cool slowly, became white, opaque and crystalline; when remelted and cooled rapidly it regained its glassy appearance. This suggested the reason for the difference between the appearances of glassy lava poured forth on the surface of the earth's crust and the crystalline igneous rocks, formed from substantially the same material, which were intruded underground. Hall took specimens of the whinstones from the dykes around Edinburgh, heated them in the reverberatory furnace of an iron foundry, and found that they became glassy on rapid cooling, but crystalline on slow cooling. He obtained similar results with the lavas he had brought years earlier from Vesuvius and Etna. The large crystals in granite, visible to the unaided eye, indicate that it cooled very slowly under great pressure inside the strata into which it had been intruded. The granite of Dartmoor, for example, cooled deep under the surface and owes its exposure to erosion.



—*from the book.*

Earth's wrinkled face.

HUTTON had some conception of the nature of metamorphic rocks, which are sedimentary rocks transformed by the heat of intruded igneous rocks. Sir James Hall, by heating carbonate of lime in firmly closed gun barrels, proved that limestone, under the action of great heat and pressure, becomes marble.

The consolidation of sediment into rock—for example, the compacting of loose sand into sandstones, of mud into shales and slates, of marine ooze and shells into limestone, of loose pebbles into conglomerate—was ascribed by Hutton to the action of subterranean heat. In this he was mistaken, for it is due mainly to alternate wetting and drying, whereby dissolved matter, especially lime, left as a film between the grains, acts as a kind of cement.

Hutton's theory of the decay of the land by erosion and its replacement by the upheaval of the sea bed is best summarised in his own words: 'This earth, like the body of an animal, is wasted at the same time that it is repaired. It has a state of growth and augmentation; it has another state, which is that of diminution and decay. This world is thus destroyed in one part, but it is renewed in another; and the operations by which this world is thus constantly renewed, are as evident to the scientific eye, as are those in which it is destroyed.'

The discovery of a further fundamental principle, providing a sure method of identifying and ascribing a geological age to the strata, hitherto classified according to their chemical composition, mineral content and position, completed the heroic age of geology.

William Smith (1769-1838) was an English engineer and surveyor who, as a young man, supervised the construction of the Somerset Coal Canal, and later in the course of his professional duties travelled to all parts of England, sometimes covering as much as 10,000 miles in a year. Wherever he went he took notes of the geological structure. He was a self-taught geologist, plain, matter of fact, with a range of interest limited to the strata, and became known to his friends as "Strata Smith." His great discovery was that particular fossils are peculiar to, and are found only in, particular strata. This enabled him to distinguish the different limestones, the different clays and so on in the west of England and to identify the same beds when they reappeared in other parts of the country after a gap, perhaps caused by erosion, faults, or eruptive rocks. Many fossils are not restricted to one particular stratum, but became gradually less abundant in the contiguous strata, and then disappear altogether. Thus a stratum is identified in general rather by its assemblage of fossils than by the presence of a particular fossil.

Smith discovered that there is a constancy in the order of superposition of the strata and hence he was able to forecast the fossils likely to be found in a particular district. He recorded of a geological excursion in January, 1803: "As we advanced near to the foot of the Dunstable Chalk-hills, I ventured on a prediction which in former times might have stamped me for a wizard. I said, 'If there be any broken ground about the foot of these hills, we may find sharks' teeth'; when Farey, presently pointing to the white bank of a new fence-ditch, we left our horses, and soon found six."

—A. F. E. McKenzie
"in The Major Achievements of Science"
(*Cambridge U. Press*, $7.50)

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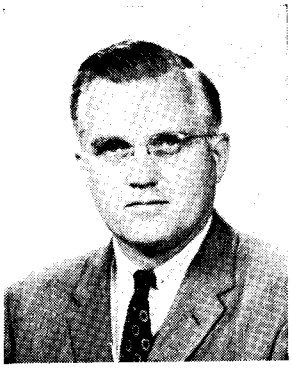
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—U. S. Navy.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *It depends, to a very large degree, on the teachers of science. Dr. P. R. Morrison, professor of zoology at the University of Wisconsin, will do very well as an example. He was fascinated by the ability of some animals to perform a feat no man has ever been known to accomplish: hibernation. His curiosity about how the act was accomplished stimulated the sense of wonder in his students. One of these was Albert R. Dawe, a boy from Milwaukee. Dawe reached Wisconsin University by way of Yale (B.A. 1938) and Harvard (M.A. 1951). He took his Ph.D. (1953) under Professor Morrison, and wrote his thesis on "Electrocardiography of Small Mammals." Between these events he taught at St. George's School in Newport, R.I., served a term of duty in the U.S. Navy (Ensign to Lieutenant), instructed a zoology course at U. of Wisconsin. After going back to class himself*

DR. ALBERT R. DAWE
ONR—Chicago

UNTIL last year, no organized attempt had been made on a global scale to pool the thoughts and efforts of scientists engaged in unraveling the mystery of the phenomenon of natural mammalian hibernation. In May 1959, the first international symposium on the subject was held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Endicott House in Dedham, Mass., under the joint sponsorship of the physiology branch of the Office of Naval Research and the American Institute of Biological Sciences. Dr. Charles P. Lyman, of Harvard University Medical School, who probably knows as much about the deep sleep of hibernators as anyone in the world, was chairman. Thirty-four scientists from the United States, Canada, Finland, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, France and Yugoslavia attended. Two Russian scientists were invited but could not attend; however, N. Kalabuchov sent a paper to be included in the published proceedings. All concerned have devoted most of their research lives to discovering the bodily mechanisms for hibernation.

Because of hibernation, a selected number of mammalian species can function in harsh, otherwise intolerable northern environments. For example, a ground squirrel hibernating in its burrow through the winter has solved the problem of food gathering—it does not gather food; it has resolved the problem of maintaining body temperature by dropping its temperature almost to that of the surrounding air; it has mastered the problem of predation, for it remains hidden away from most of its enemies.

But there are a number of popular misconceptions about hibernation. Here are a few:

Hibernation is not restricted to season. It can occur at any time of year.

Cold does not cause hibernation, nor do animals arouse from hibernation in the spring because of increasing warmth. However, cold applied to an animal about to hibernate deepens the profundity of the torpor into which the hibernator will sink. And warmth applied to a rousing animal speeds the rousing process.

Many states have been called hibernation but are not. So-called hibernation in bears, for example, is not true hibernation.

Hibernation is not simple sleep, nor is it continuous sleep. It proceeds in a bio-rhythm of the same general sort that causes man to sleep and waken on a regular schedule regardless of his whereabouts. When the hibernating animal first retires for the season, he is torpid for a couple of days, then rouses, hibernates for a longer period, rouses again, gradually lengthens the period of withdrawal until it lasts for two to three weeks, and finally shortens the period until he is fully aroused again.

During hibernation, a mammal lowers its body temperature profoundly, and exhibits deep torpor. The ease with which such an animal can be aroused from its hibernation by poking or other mechanical stimulation varies from time to time: that is, at one time in its hibernation it is very easily aroused, whereas at another time in its hibernation it is very difficult to arouse, even though to all external and internal indications the profundity of the torpor and the coldness of the body are the same. When one studies these "depths" of hibernation one finds that they, too, follow a bio-rhythm which seems (based on a relatively small amount of data, it must be said) to indicate that the hibernator sleeps and wakes in hibernation, even though there is absolutely no visible external sign of such a cycle. Thus sleeping and waking are superimposed on hibernation just as hibernation superimposes itself on the active phase of living.

HIBERNATION is one of the few methods natural to mammals whereby every measurable process in the animal is profoundly slowed down. As an illustration of how great this metabolic deceleration can be, a ground squirrel's heart beats 360 times a minute (six beats per second) in normal activity, yet it will slow down to three beats per minute (one beat every twenty seconds) during hibernation. This represents a depression ratio of 120 to one. In a mammal's nonhibernating life, bodily processes can seldom be retarded, even under the most extreme conditions, by more than a factor of ten to one.

The slowdown accompanying the radically reduced heartbeat is so complete that the hibernating animal needs only about one hundredth of its normal supply of food and oxygen to survive. Glands operate differently than they do in the normal state of the body, hormones behave differently, nerves conduct impulses at lower temperatures than normal, even the individual cells within the tissues change in ways that can be seen and identified microscopically.

These inner alterations are reflected by external symptoms. Both the mouth and the anus of the animal are sealed. Fur stands on end all over the body. The nose and the tail curl under, and the paws turn pink.

The last symptom is a fascinating study in itself. The pinkness comes from the bright red coloration of the hibernator's blood, which is now saturated with oxygen. Since the body cells do not need the oxygen for their limited functioning during this time, they economize in their use of it, and the supply of it in the blood is steadily enriched by the slow but constant intake of the lungs.

When the animal begins to arouse from hibernation, the paws return to their normal grey appearance because the

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–Can Man Learn To Hibernate?

for the Ph.D., and working as an instructor and assistant professor of physiology at the Wisconsin Medical School, he returned to the Navy as a biologist in the Office of Naval Research. He has been chief scientist of the ONR branch office in Chicago since 1958, in a key position to pursue the mystery Professor Morrison pointed out to him years ago. Dr. Dawe will talk about hibernation as long as anyone will listen. He thinks the subject is of great future importance, and is always delighted to find someone who shares his enthusiasm. Apparently most of the people he meets consider it strange for a man to care so much about the way animals spend the winter. He's one up on them. For it turns out that hibernation can occur at any time of year. That gives him hope that man may yet learn how to do it. Some of the facts behind his hope, first published in Naval Research Reviews, *are recited below.*

—*ONR Reviews.*
Hibernating squirrel.

blood beneath the skin has turned almost black. The cells have suddenly needed oxygen, and taken it.

Details of many of the anatomical and physiological characteristics of hibernating mammals were catalogued during the ONR symposium to establish distinctions between hibernating and non-hibernating species and to show the differences between the body of a hibernator in hibernation and during its active life.

Some of the differences between the hibernating and non-hibernating states have already been mentioned here. They comprise a unique syndrome resembling but not identical to anesthesia, sleep, or hypnotic trance. Thus hibernation seems to be a self-contained phase of living that can be turned on and off in hibernating species.

Between hibernators and non-hibernating mammals, there are apparently no fundamental internal anatomical differences. The one possible exception is the large amount of brown fat found, especially in the neck regions, in hibernating species. The non-hibernating rat has very little brown fat; the hibernating squirrel has a large amount of such fat.

It is, of course, principally fat that the hibernating animal lives on during his periods of suspended animation. Sometimes there is not enough fat on the body when hibernation is induced, and the animal dies when arousal time comes. If the animal is kept warm during this crucial waking period, survival is possible even in absence of an adequate fat reserve.

Once a hibernator settles down, it is influenced very little by light, sound, temperature or radiation. But it is highly sensitive to touch.

SCIENTISTS are studying mammalian hibernation partly because of its application to medicine and surgery in humans. Often the human body can best be repaired when its active parts are functioning slowly. Human heart repair surgery recently achieved almost miraculous results when the patient was greatly cooled and anesthetized by means of "artificial hibernation." In this case, the heart beat was slowed to enable the surgeon to repair a quiet heart muscle. In contrast, an operation on an actively beating heart would place undue burdens on the patient and the surgeon. Such hypothermia is, however, a lethargy less profound than that of true or natural hibernation.

The possibility that true hibernation may be induced in man has been suggested in science fiction. The usefulness of hibernation in man in space flight has been alluded to in recent years. Dr. E. F. Adolph, one of the truly great physiologists of our time and one of the philosophers who participated in the hibernation symposium, cautioned the assembled scientists about the logical and physiological dangers of extrapolating from one species or animal to another or of formulating opinions on the strength of meager facts. With the understanding that he is speculating on a dim future possibility, the author of this paper concedes that he finds the notion of true human hibernation extremely intriguing for the following reasons:

IF HIBERNATION could be attained for man, then the space capsule in which he would fly (or the submarine in which he would ride) could be kept at a low temperature, perhaps zero degree Centigrade.

If the traveler hibernated, his food and oxygen requirements might be only one hundredth that of an active man.

In hibernation, man's "arrest of time" might be such that he could possibly exist for about twenty normal lifetimes or 1400 years, since, as pointed out by Dr. Donald R. Griffin, some hibernating bats apparently may live twenty times longer than nonhibernating mammals of the same weight.

During hibernation, such a man would not suffer from radiation. Dr. Douglas E. Smith explained to the symposium that hibernating mammals endure tremendous dosages of radiation without effect while hibernating; however, upon returning to activity, they show most of the usual signs of radiation injury. (If repair from radiation could be effected in hibernation, survival could be attained.)

Aside from space travel, a method may be developed for holding man in suspended animation for future activity, for medical treatment, or for other reasons.

After the ONR symposium on hiberation disbanded, Dr. Frank E. South, of the University of Illinois Medical School, and the writer (stimulated by Capt. Bruce L. Carr's suggestion that symposium attendees should maintain effective liaison) set up a Hibernation Information Exchange within the ONR branch office in Chicago. Serving a group who essentially represent the western world in mammalian hibernation, the exchange acts as a central point for circulating new ideas, technical papers, and news items. By this technique, publications and ideas reach the scientists almost instantaneously. Long literature searches are often eliminated since most of the definitive work in this fairly narrow field reaches a member almost as soon as it is produced. During the exchange's first three months, more than fifty different reprints were received. There has also been placed in circulation a 2500-reference bibliography on hibernation, collected by Dr. R. J. Hock over many years, and the incoming supplemental references have been so numerous that the exchange now probably has access to the world's most complete library on hibernation. In order to share it, scientists interested in this new, expanding frontier of research need only to identify themselves.

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Writers

Continued from page 14

citing—not, to be sure, to consumers of best-sellers, but surely to those in search of the new and the stimulating. Both books were utterly ignored. We need not call the roll of the magazines already mentioned, other than to note that the only one to review either of these books was *Commentary* (which ran a notice of Mrs. Paley's book some six or eight months after publication). But where were the Messrs. Podhoretz, Kazin, Howe, Dupee, Vidal, Krim, etc.? One could hardly expect all of them to have reviewed or even been aware of both of these books. But surely *one* critic, among a group so professedly concerned with American fiction, might have reviewed *one* of these books.

The truth, however, is that neither of these two writers is a "personality." They are simply writers. They were not born with, nor did they acquire, funny first names. They are not in their teens. They are not addicted to drugs or exhibitionism. They are not sexual inverts. They do not write about how hard it is to write, or how hard it is to become a Great Writer. (We might note, parenthetically, how startled, shocked, thrilled, the critics have been at Norman Mailer's perfectly straightforward assertion that he is trying to become a great writer—as if every line that every serious novelist writes were not instinct with this desire to become great.) There are other good young writers being neglected, but for now these two will do, a novelist and a short story writer, neither of them professors of writing or adepts at grantsmanship or members of literary sets. Because these writers simply mind their business, which is writing, they are ignored. What is more, they are insulted—or I should think they would be—by having to read time and again that nothing worth while is happening in American fiction.

We have here a situation in which it is possible for very good writers to be soured and warped through no fault of their own. It is all very well to say comfortably, "In time they will find their place, in time they will make their name, in time they will be known to us all." But there is also the meantime. What if, heaven forbid, Berger and Paley, Mailer and Salinger, were all to die tomorrow? Would it be easy for the reader of tomorrow to make a just estimate of their merits? Could he readily discover for himself, uninfluenced by the cult of personality which has set off an avalanche of publicity for one group and consigned the other to oblivion, that the audacity and intensity of a Thomas Berger, the wit and virtuosity of a Grace Paley, represented something as new and exciting in American fiction as the highly touted work of the public personalities?

It takes a very strong spirit to turn one's back on the entire matter, to ignore being ignored. We need not look far to see the effects of the star system in American letters on those desperate for recognition. There is more than one genuinely talented writer who, like Herbert Gold, in his anxiety to be regarded as a personality, writes obsessively about the accidents of his autobiography, and defaces a lively style with adolescent puns and verbal cutenesses in an effort to insure that he will be heard above the others.

This, it may be objected, is precisely what separates the sheep from the goats. True. But do we really need to make it so hard on the sheep?

THE FAULT does not lie alone with the critics: Last spring there was published a first novel, "The Coming of Fabrizze," which for all its weaknesses (would the critics who continually beat contemporary writers with the greatness of the Twenties seriously defend the literary merits of the first books of Hemingway, Faulkner, or Fitzgerald?) was obviously the work of a sweetly gifted young storyteller. When I wrote as much to the publisher, he replied that this manuscript had been making the rounds of other publishers unsuccessfully for eight years. I do not know the author, Raymond de Capite, so I cannot be sure what went on in his mind during those eight years, but I can guess. I can guess, and I do not thereupon feel my heart warming to those publishers who make much of their cultural dedication, when in actuality they are all too often aping the buccaneers of the mass media in everything but the ability to catch the eye of the mass public.

It should not be thought that this is a nostalgic plea for a return to a past in which novelists were all seriously considered, earnestly discussed, and warmly appreciated during their lifetimes. Such a past never existed. But surely we have a responsibility to plead for a better future. I speak now not as an occasional critic, but as a novelist concerned about his fellow writers as well as his fellow readers, when I propose that the critics and the publishers who regard themselves by definition as the caretakers of our culture, but function in reality as drumbeaters for an arbitrarily limited galaxy of stars and hence as vulgar hucksters for the cult of personality, be required to assume what should be their true responsibility: to make more accessible to us all those writers who do not, in the words of Manes Sperber, "look for adventures, but for an encounter with consciousness; not for the dream, but for the awakening."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1384

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wedlock.	132 66 11 30 94 59 166 81
B. A deponent.	39 128 105 15 45 200 60
C. Formerly the back of an open hearth in the center of an ancient hall; altar screen.	114 208 106 188 34 2 111
D. Titular hero of Dos Passos' "Adventures", 1938 (2 wds.).	161 107 142 176 8 189 203 124
E. Portrait images, sculptured, modeled, engraved, etc.	117 3 77 168 17 42 149 28
F. What Ogden Nash said no McTavish ever is.	57 129 74 122 115 24
G. Script.	173 100 72 80 38 50 138 204
H. Blunder.	120 160 51 78 201
I. Any wise and aged counselor.	144 198 23 82 162 97
J. Comminute.	136 53 184 104 170
K. Reptilian.	41 192 79 119 182 37 206 12
L. Small country granted a constitution as a republic by Napoleon, 1806.	56 130 207 13 103 85 71
M. Well-known coeducational college in Pennsylvania, founded 1864.	205 180 139 69 64 109 108 20 121 133
N. One who or that which exemplifies.	90 118 29 4 163 73 165 47
O. Somebody morally ruined (2 wds., cited in WNI as exemplifying the definition).	174 158 49 40 185 190 21 167

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Planetaria named for a British earldom.	177 183 134 75 148 7 27 175
Q. Herculean character, hero of "Les Miserables".	101 199 155 181 48 137 178
R. The empyrean.	89 145 61 194 5
S. Female of pride.	187 33 25 159 126 83 169
T. Japanese cut velvet (2 wds.).	196 54 157 123 67 70 172 58 31 88 84
U. A son of Jacob whose descendants settled in NW Palestine.	186 151 171 98 26
V. Man, in German philosophy.	197 96 87 43 125 146
W. Style of art featuring curved and contorted forms prevailing for 150 years after Michelangelo.	154 131 63 19 92 68 10
X. Give a hint; suggest indirectly.	113 16 18 135 143 156 95 6
Y. Art or process of making embossed, chased, engraved work, usually in metal, esp. when minute, highly finished.	141 153 55 35 93 116 110 99 46
Z. Was (or were) a fixed element or attribute.	86 191 65 52 195 102 36
Z1. (Time) as called up by the power of remembering, the scope of memory (3 wds.).	202 140 44 127 112 14 150 1 91
Z2. In Australia, sparsely settled country N and W of Queensland: an illusory existence (comp. followed by "land").	152 147 32 164 76 9 62 193 179 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 Z¹	2 C		3 E	4 N	5 R	6 X	7 P	8 D	9 Z²	10 W	11 A		12 K	13 L	14 Z¹	15 B
16 X	17 E		18 X	19 W		20 M	21 O	22 Z²		23 I	24 F	25 S	26 U	27 P	28 E		29 N
30 A	31 T	32 Z²	33 S	34 C	35 Y	36 Z		37 K	38 G	39 B	40 O		41 K	42 E	43 V		44 Z¹
45 B	46 Y	47 N	48 Q	49 O		50 G	51 H	52 Z		53 J	54 T	55 Y	56 L	57 F		58 T	59 A
60 B	61 R	62 Z²	63 W		64 M	65 Z	66 A	67 T		68 W	69 M	70 T	71 L	72 G		73 N	74 F
75 P	76 Z²		77 E	78 H	79 K	80 G	81 A	82 I	83 S		84 T	85 L		86 Z	87 V	88 T	89 R
90 N	91 Z¹		92 W	93 Y	94 A	95 X	96 V		97 I	98 U	99 Y	100 G	101 Q	102 Z	103 L	104 J	
105 B	106 C	107 D	108 M		109 M	110 Y	111 C		112 Z¹	113 X	114 C	115 F	116 Y		117 E	118 N	119 K
120 H	121 M	122 F	123 T	124 D	125 V	126 S		127 Z¹	128 B		129 F	130 L		131 W	132 A	133 M	134 P
135 X	136 J	137 Q	138 G		139 M	140 Z¹	141 Y	142 D	143 X	144 I		145 R	146 V	147 Z²	148 P	149 E	
150 Z¹	151 U		152 Z²	153 Y		154 W	155 Q	156 X	157 T	158 O	159 S	160 H	161 D		162 I	163 N	
164 Z²	165 N	166 A	167 O	168 E	169 S	170 J		171 U	172 T	173 G	174 O	175 P		176 D	177 P		178
179 Z²	180 M		181 Q	182 K	183 P	184 J	185 O	186 U	187 S	188 C	189 D		190 O	191 Z		192 K	193 Z²
194 R	195 Z	196 T		197 V	198 I	199 Q	200 B		201 H	202 Z¹	203 D	204 G	205 M	206 K	207 L	208 C	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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